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Published Monthly by
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY
OFFICES
MEYER BUILDING, 26 WEST 33D STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE, 2630-2631 MADISON SQUARE

CHICAGO: 1503 Marquette Building. Phone, Central 1909
RICHARD A. PICK, Representative

LONDON: The International News Co., Chancery Lane, E.C.
Also at leading booksellers and hotels

PARIS: 19 Boulevard des Capucines
E. M. BENASSIT, Representative for France

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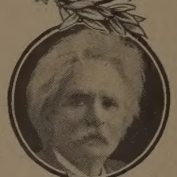

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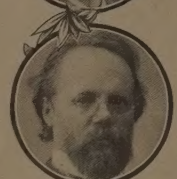

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THE THEATRE

VOL. VII., NO. 75 NEW YORK, MAY, 1907 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

GIOVANNI ZENATELLO

Giovanni Zenatello, one of the three leading Italian tenors of the world, will come to America next autumn to sing under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein, at the Manhattan Opera House. Zenatello began his operatic career as a baritone, and he has won his laurels chiefly outside of his native land until this year. He has been an especial favorite at Covent Garden. During the present season critical Milan acclaimed him, especially in the rôle of Don José in "Carmen." His voice is said to resemble more than any other living tenor that of Tamagno in strength and power. His principal rôles are Othello, Rhadames, Pinkerton in "Madam Butterfly," which rôle he created, and other dramatic Italian tenor rôles. The above picture shows him in the rôle of Rhadames in Verdi's "Aïda"

The Current Plays

EMPIRE. "The Silver Box." Play in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced March 18 with this cast:

John Barthwick, M. P.	Eugene Jepson
Mrs. Barthwick	Hattie Russell
Jack Barthwick	Harry Redding
Roper	William Sampson
Mrs. Jones	Ethel Barrymore
Marlow	William Evans
Wheeler	Anita Rothe
Jones	Bruce McRae
Mrs. Seddon	Fanny L. Burt
Constable	Harry Barker
Snow	James Kearney
Julius Holden	Forrest Robinson
An Unknown Lady	Mary Nash
Two Little Girls	Dorothy Scherer, Helen Mooney
Livens	Soldene Powell
Clerk of Court	Louis Eagan
Relieving Officer	M. B. Pollock
Swearing Clerk	John Adolfi

If it is worth the while to play the part of a scrubwoman with a drunken, brutal husband ready with blows, dull to the point of accepting without a murmur "the position in life which God has assigned her," moribund in mind and body and heart and soul, impassive with three starving children born only to descend into the grave, let the part be played by some woman upon whose face is really graven the sorrows of such a life; or let it be some woman whose experience or observation enables her to simulate the look and sodden nature of the unfortunate. The character must be played. It cannot be played with. No beauty of outline in the face and not the remotest suggestion of lightness and grace should enter into the undertaking. Ethel Barrymore in attempting such woe is doing an injustice to herself, her art, the subject and her public. The rôle transcends her powers. No one will deny that this actress has her limitations. Some rôles she invests with an individual charm which is irresistible, but to imagine that she can play the entire gamut of human emotion is absurd. She was obviously miscast as the mother in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," a rôle written for the more mature art of Ellen Terry, nor does she ring more true as Mrs. Jones, the scrubwoman. Such an attempt to depict the sorrow-laden woman of the slums is like a tyro in painting undertaking to reproduce a Corot.

As an experiment in art the piece is well enough, but all art (a word in very undeserved disrepute) is always calling out for perfection. Perfection is derided as an impossible thing. Very well. The more you fall short of perfection, not to speak of fitness, the smaller the box office receipts. You may choose to deride perfection, but the public will deride imperfection. The intent of Mr. Galsworthy is earnest, but he does not accomplish his full purpose with the play. It represents a social condition of affairs in London that is not pleasant to consider or look upon. The scrubwoman in the house of a member of Parliament, "a wealthy Liberal," is accused of stealing a silver box, a cigarette case, belonging to the dissipated and spoiled son, a young man about town. The night before the charge is made this son had returned home drunk, bringing with him the purse of a girl of the town which he had snatched from her during a debauch. He was too drunk to remember that he was accompanied by a rough man, invited by him, upon whom he forced drink, and told him to take anything he wanted. The upshot is that the scrubwoman is arrested and the purse with its money is found in the possession of her husband, the drunkard's companion of the night before. To save the honor of the house of the rich man a tricky lawyer contrives to suppress the real facts when the trial is held. The scrubwoman's husband is sent to jail, and she is left desolate in the deserted courtroom unresponsive to the blow that has fallen upon her, passive, stupid, dumb, a pathetic apparition from the slums.

It is no doubt a real character, but not one that we know here. The theory that the ignorant of the "lower classes" are unimaginative may hold in certain conditions of society which deaden and brutalize the poor. Mr. Galsworthy's indictment may be true as to London. It is difficult to imagine it as true of any human being who has the slightest freedom of mind and who is not naturally defective. Mr. Galsworthy's scrubwoman may represent a class that he depicts; but it is not universally true that scrubwomen the world over, at least in this part of the world, are necessarily so unimaginative that they do not resent the wrongs that they suffer or that they are so dazed that they do not know whether they are standing on their feet or on their head. This theory of the unimaginative is untenable. On the contrary, the poorer a human being is, the more apt he is to be imaginative. He may lack taste, but he dreams. He is as sensitive to heat and cold as anybody else. Mr. Galsworthy so far as this public is concerned, has struck such a hard blow in the air at something that we know nothing about and that does not exist for us that he loses his balance. There are some clever characterizations and scenes in the play. In his use of episode he is following a tendency that has distinctively characterized the American dramatist of recent years.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LES BUFFONS"
A play by Miguel Zamacois recently produced with success in Paris. It is announced that Maude Adams will be seen in the piece in America next season

---

WALLACK'S. "A Marriage of Reason." Comedy in four acts by Hartley Manners. Produced April 1 with this cast:

Rita Forrest	Miss Fannie War
Lady Ratcliffe	Miss Julia Dea
Mrs. Ellison	Miss Margaret Fulle
Mrs. Belmont-Taylor	Miss Maude Stove
Nurse	Mrs. Minnie Store
Captain Ellison	Mr. Frederic de Bellevil
Lionel Meredyth	Mr. Conway Tear
Tony	Master Richard Store
Ben	Mr. J. K. Adam
Groom	Mr. R. L. Smi
Parker	Mr. C. Russell Sa
Lord Delcombe	Kyrle Belle

There is no disregarding the polished presence and distinguished art of Kyrle Bellew as a dramatic star. His histrionic accomplishments in the past have done much toward enhancing the vitality of many a feeble play; but even his talents were taxed beyond their powers in trying to give life and interest to "A Marriage of Reason," a new modern comedy in four acts by J. Hartley Manners, recently seen here for the first time at Wallack's. Mr. Manners announced his indebtedness to Mrs. Arthur Kennard's novel, "The Second Lady Delcombe," but declared that "construction, characterization and entire dialogue" were his and his alone. This at least fixes the responsibility, for it must be admitted that it is not an inspiring effort which Mr. Manners has produced.

Lord Delcombe needs money, and Rita Forrest, of Chicago, millionairess, is prepared to exchange some of her shekels for a title. The result is a marriage of reason. How it turns out eventually to be one of love is effected through four acts of hopeless talk, assisted by a couple of melodramatic situations of an obvious character. The dramatis personæ are purely conventional and of the type much employed in stories of the *Family Herald* type. They are mere stage puppets. Their vitality is of the shallowest kind. They are purely the artificial products of a playwright who has at his command a knowledge of certain tricks of his trade. The effort to be smart and epigrammatic is apparent through the entire dialogue, and while the curtains have a certain effectiveness, the mechanism creaks and robs them of their strength.

Mr. Bellew retains all the dash and finish which marked his creations when leading man some years since at historic Wallack's. He is elegantly aristocratic, fervently earnest in the love of his child by his divorced wife and sufficiently poised to give the necessary conviction to the dawn of his true love. Miss Fanny Ward, as Lady Delcombe number two, shows all the breeziness of the Western origin, but might refine her performance and subject some of its crudities. Miss Julia Dean, as the divorced wife, was unfortunately over-emphatic in her work, which otherwise showed much emotional force. The same fault applied to Miss Margaret Fuller as Miss Ellison. Frederic de Belleville as a cad of an army officer gave character and forceful brutal humor to his part, and Conway Tearle was manly and sincere as a poet lover. Lord Delcombe's son was capitally acted by Master Richard Storey.

LYCEUM. "THE BOYS OF COMPANY B." Comedy in three acts, by Rida Johnson Young. Produced April 8th, with this cast:

Major MacLane.....Joseph E. Whiting	Henry Stabler.....Robert McWade
Jim MacLane.....Alfred Kappeler	Arthur Stabler.....Roy Fairchild
C. Holbrook Allen.....Verner Clarges	Sergeant Walker.....Richard Garrick
Tony Allen.....Arnold Daly	Corporal Robinson.....F. P. Cahill
Sigsby Sissen Sewell.....Morgan Coman	Servant.....Mack Sennett
"Babe" Carruthers....Howard Estabrook	Mrs. MacLane.....Jennie A. Eustace
George Bright.....Charles Arthur	Eileen MacLane.....Frances Ring
"Doc" Stuart.....Percival T. Moore	Madge Blake.....Florence Nash
Mike MacNab.....W. Elmer Booth	Florence Henderson.....Gretchen Dale

As a substitute for playwriting proper a method has recently come into vogue of exhibiting the more or less intimate life of college cubs, football players, National Guard soldiers in camp, students at their orgies, and the like. If an audience is thus entertained, even by an intermittent current of comedy, the purpose is served. Episodes of song and unusual and unconventional contortions in dance are a relief from "situation" and "climax," and, indeed, they afford an apology that we must accept for the amateurishness and general debility of the dramatic action of the piece. In "The Boys of Company B" the exuberant welcome of mess time by the beating of tin pans with spoons and knives and forks by the soldiers, who dance off in a high-stepping, sinuous line to encounter their food, is exhilarating, and the tossing of a comrade in a blanket is something you do not see every day, either on or off the stage. It is true that it would be still more exhilarating, if it were practicable to put the scene on the stage, to see a cavalry or artillery horse, after it was relieved of its trappings and turned loose, exhibit its animal spirits in the usual manner in the stable lot or over a forty-acre field. Such goings on! Such wallowings and rolling over and grunts of satis-

PAULINE FREDERICK
In Ramsey Morris' play "The Girl in White"

faction! Such unconventional doings and high kicking upwards and to the rear and sideways; such bucking and neighing and prancing and snorting and general letting loose of himself!

Thus it is that we see the Boys of Company B when they are not on parade. It is inevitable that they have an awkward squad drill. The old Mulligan Guards used to drill worse better; still there is action and not mere atmosphere and thin air in this particular drill, for the uncle of Tony Allen, Mr. C. Holbrook Allen, as a consequence of his hardships, agrees in writing to give him $50,000 (fifty thousand dollars) if he would relieve him of some of his duties. This amount of money was required by the plot, not of the play, but of the scene. It is the intermittent current throughout. Tony, to oblige a friend and hanced by eliminating half an hour of it. The play hardly fits Mr. Daly's head, so to speak, but his acting in it is amiable and agreeable, and gives some promise for his future, which is not already yet behind him.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "The Grand Mogul." Musical comedy in 3 acts, by Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders. Produced March 25th, with this cast:

Hon. Josephus Walker...John Dunsmure	Lumbago.....A. Seymour Brown
Lieut.-Commander Newton.George Moore	Officer of the Guards.....J. V. Tullar
Lofty Baldwin.....W. H. Macart	Ruth Walker.....Maud Lillian Berri
Prof. Muggs.....Sager Midgley	Lola.....Edith St. Clair
Jack Marlin.....J. R. Williams	Dolly Muggs.....Elsa Ryan
Hannibal.....A. Seymour Brown	Fuzzywudge.....Laura Clement
Yu Li.....Eugene Moulan	Middy.....Pauline Thorne
The Grand Mogul.....John Dunsmure	G. Washington Barker....Frank Moulan

This unceasing round of comic opera! What are we to do with

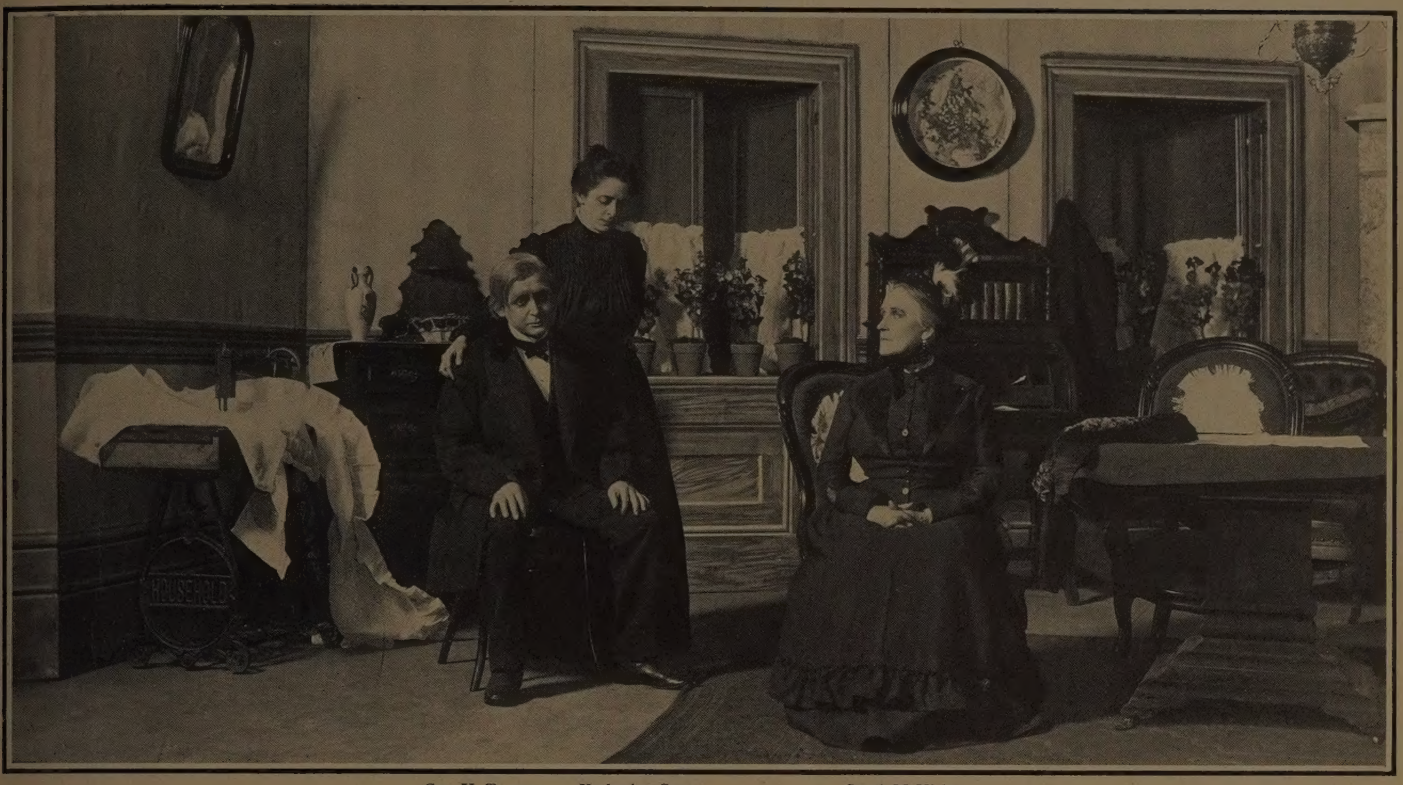
Leo Ditrichstein Dorothy Dorr Herbert Sleath

Lawrence Winthrop (Mr. Ditrichstein): "I'll not wish you bon voyage, as I am crossing by the same steamer"

SCENE IN "THE AMBITIOUS MRS. ALCOTT" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

the plot, writes a letter to his friend's sweetheart for him, the terms of address and signature being endearments only. The plot requires that Tony's sweetheart should at once break with him and refuse all explanations, although as plain as one's nose. It is small wonder that many dramatists of the eclectic school strive for the plotless play, just as some growers of fruit contend for the seedless variety. The plot has no substance; some of the scenes have, although familiar. Two bashful lovers promise hope even for the seedless drama. The question immediately arises: could the seedless drama come into being and thrive without them? The rural drama cannot. The Boys of Company B did not. We can understand that Mrs. Young, in writing a play, only cared for the plot as a subordinate medium for the doings of the Boys of Company B. In this view of the case we must concede that she has achieved a certain success knowingly, and has provided a good deal of amusement, which could be vastly en-

it? If one likes a comic opera after seeing it he discusses it, perhaps takes the trouble to criticise it. If it is something he takes the trouble to talk about it; if it is nothing he wastes no time on it. The best of such musical pieces are a combination of something and nothing. They are so full of detail that a full account of them is impossible. A discussion of them would be as reasonable as a criticism of the iridescence of a June bug. The limitations of printer's ink preclude the conveyance of color, sound and the gyrations of choruses in dance. We might give the comfortable assurance that certain tunes would be whistled on the streets, but the statement is perfunctory compared with the whistling itself or the efforts of horns and string instruments and the distended drum. Undoubtedly the songs and music in "The Grand Mogul" are very good, and such songs as *My Huhu-Hula Girl* are unique. *My Huhu-Hula Girl* transforms Lola, a half-caste Kanaka girl, Edith St. Clair, from positive plain



Geo. H. Traver Katherine Grey Sarah McVickar
Act II.—The old lady gives pertinent advice upon the folly of loving a man in a higher station of life
SCENE IN "THE RECKONING" SEEN RECENTLY AT THE BERKELEY LYCEUM

ness into the embodiment of physical and spiritual charm. A fleeting moment. Love is chased off the stage by grotesqueries. Burlesque follows and "The Dance of Spring Flowers" banishes it. The baton is lifted, and Dolly Muggs (Elsa Ryan), daughter of Professor Muggs, has her day in court with a solo and instructs us in *Cupid's Private Code.* It becomes interesting, for immediately the baton is lifted with an imperative jerk and Ruth, Maud Lillian Berri, tells us of *The Military Man,* whereupon Lola, not to be outdone, dreamily sings of *The Lotus,* supported naturally by a chorus of Lotus Buds. Music is thus poured forth from a horn of plenty. We would not disturb anyone's enjoyment of this sort of thing if we could. If it were absolutely necessary to criticise anything, comic opera audiences might come in for a share of criticism. The librettist, as a type, is a truly inviting object. The writer of the book of a comic opera would surely be a curious study. The Grand Mogul is very much like all other comic opera Grand Moguls, but the comedy character being a barker for a circus side show is something new in comic opera. *Mirabile dictu!* He reaches the scene of his investiture with royal robes by means of a balloon that goes astray, falling into an assemblage of people who are praying for a new Mogul in place of his Royal Majesty, who has been lost in the woods. He is chosen to take his place. On the return of the ruler he is set to scrubbing the floor. But why expatiate on nothing? Frank Moulan as the barker and as the temporary Mogul has sufficient but not superabounding humor. *Vale!*

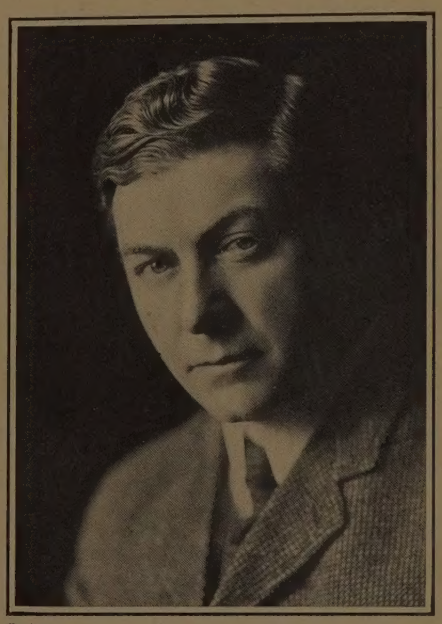
ELIZABETH VALENTINE
Cornell University girl lately seen in Edward Peple's one-act play "The Mallet's Masterpiece"

WEBER'S. "THE LILAC ROOM." Comedy by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Marie Dix. Produced April 3d, with this cast:

Captain Wyngate...Charles P. Hammond	Hunter.....L. E. Weed
Herbert Trainor.....Herbert MacKenzie	Lady Yardsley.....Rosalie Dupré
Rev. Aubrey Vaine.....Joseph Mann	Mrs. Wyngate.....Madelaine Powell
Hon. Yardsley-Yardsley.Harold de Becker	Muriel Wyngate.....Jessie Glendinning
Commander Framlingham..Fred'k Powell	Blossom.....Gertrude Augarde
Juggins.....Charles Butler	Emily Painter.....Amelia Bingham

It often happens that one does the very best work of his life in or on some hopeless matter. Does he want to convince an American capitalist that he has inexhaustible resources in timber and minerals on a concession he has in remote Peru or contiguous Mexico? what nervous energy, what voluble argument, what closely reasoned reasoning, what an arithmetical array of mathematical figures, what emphasis, what diplomacy, what readiness in reaching in the inside pocket for the desired paper at the desired moment, what chunks of specimens, what emphasis, what amiability, what concentration, what power he throws into the interview only to have his nervous energy depressed, his volubility chas-

(*Cont'd on page xix.*)



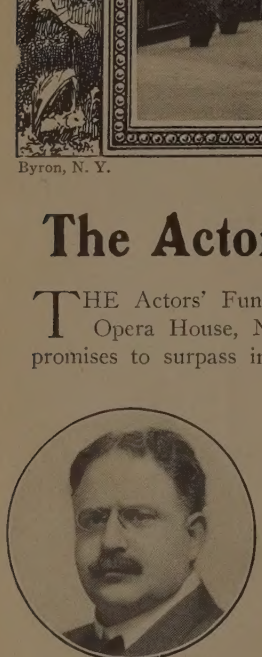
Bangs
FRANCIS BYRNE
Appearing with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady"

Byron, N. Y.

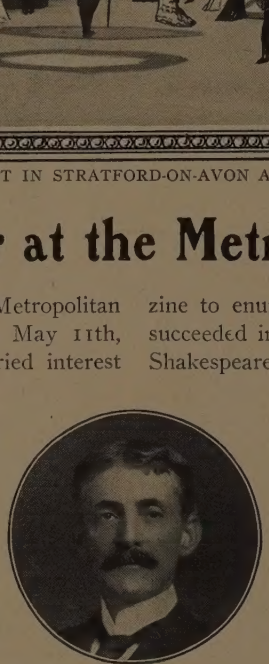
REPRODUCTION OF A STREET IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON AT THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR

The Actors' Fund Fair at the Metropolitan Opera House

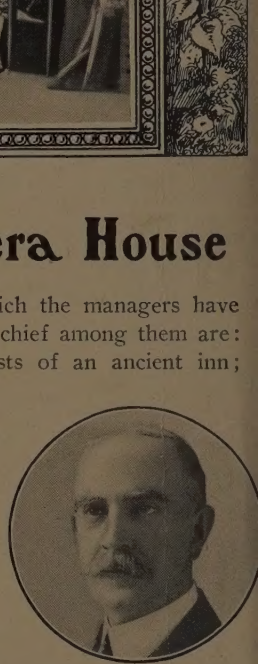
THE Actors' Fund Fair, to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, from May 6th to May 11th, promises to surpass in picturesqueness and the varied interest of its many features the similar fair held at the Madison Square Garden fifteen years ago. As is already well known, the receipts will go to help that splendid charity, the Actors' Fund of America, which gives assistance to every unfortunate player who evokes its aid, irrespective of whether he is a subscriber to the fund or not. The public could not wish to help a more worthy cause.



MILTON ROBLEE
General Manager of the Fair



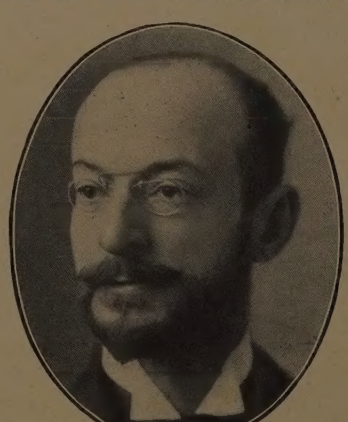
CHARLES BURNHAM
Chairman of the Fair Committee



E. D. PRICE
Manager Promotion Department

The decorative scheme devised by Edward G. Unitt transforms the Metropolitan Opera House into a reproduction of the principal street in Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's home, Ann Hathaway's cottage, the Guildhall and the Shakespeare church. The village is all fitted up as novel booths, and in these booths some of the most prominent actresses now playing in New York will officiate as saleswomen, selling objects of all kinds donated by merchants. Over $100,000 worth of goods will be offered for sale.

MARGARET ANGLIN



DANIEL FROHMAN
President of the Actors' Fund of America

LILLIAN RUSS

Nearly one thousand women in and out of the theatrical profession are upon the working committees, which for two months past have been striving to make the fair the most stupendous charity bazaar the world has ever known. It would take several pages of this magazine to enumerate all the attractions which the managers have succeeded in securing for the fair. The chief among them are: Shakespeare's village, the Lambs as hosts of an ancient inn; the Players and their $40,000 art gallery; the Twelfth Nighters and their souvenirs of famous actors; the Professional Woman's League and Actors' Church Alliance in mammoth booths; Georgia Cayvan's diamond star; the Greenroomers and their old-fashioned side show under canvas; Cathrine Countiss and her beautiful bookmakers at the racing wheel; matinée idols selling women's goods; Marshall P. Wilder and his Japanese maids. Mr. Hamilton Revelle will take amateur photographs; Anna Held will sell her $2,000 portrait; Emily Rigl presides over "The Smokery"; Rosa Rand has a big sewing machine exhibit; the Actors' Society conducts a tea booth; a big grocery will have fifty actress clerks. There will be also moving pictures, novelty demonstrations, telharmonic recitals, band concerts, great singers—something going on every moment from noon to midnight in a kaleidoscopic whirl of activity. Big show-print houses donate "paper" enough to bill within a one hundred mile radius and billposters display it free. Musicians, scene painters and stage carpenters volunteer and the Metropolitan Opera House is given rent free. Everyone has been generous.

Tony Pastor will don circus clown motley for the first time in forty years at the Green-

Copyright Falk
MAXINE ELLIOTT

CECILIA LOFTUS

BLANCHE BATES

room Club's side show. Gus Hill, now a manager, will revive his old club swinging act. William A. Brady, Hollis E. Cooley and other prominent managers will act as "barkers." Club members will appear as burlesque freaks, strong men and snake charmers. It is announced as a "monster megatherian and colossally comprehensive carnival of Nature's most marvelous freakish manifestations."

A daily newspaper devoted exclusively to the interests of the fair will be edited and published by the Friars, a club of 140 press representatives of various theatrical companies and theatres, and will be under the editorial direction of E. D. Price, the fair's promotion manager. There will be society gossip about the favorites of the stage, jottings by the way along Main street, poetry, fiction, descriptions of gowns written by masculine hands, and other departments in charge of capable writers. Some of those who have promised to assist Editor Price are Friar Wells Hawks, Friar Wilbur M. Bates, Friar Chas. Emerson Cook, Friar Samuel McLeary Weller, Friar Frank J. Wilstach and Friar Will A. Page.

ATHRINE COUNTISS

IATTIE WILLIAMS

Mark Twain, George Ade, Charles Klein, George Broadhurst, Paul Armstrong, Channing Pollock and other well-known dramatists and novelists will sit in the booth of the Century Theatre Club and personally write autographs and sentiments to be sold at the fair. There will be another booth where famous cartoonists execute lightning sketches. An autograph letter of Charles Reade, beginning with the words "Never too late to mend," a letter from Ristori relating to a theatrical benefit in England, a bracelet worn by Laura Keene, rings belonging to Charlotte Cushman and Adelaide Neilson, and Sir Henry Irving's watch will also be sold at the fair.

opyright Dupont
ANNA HELD

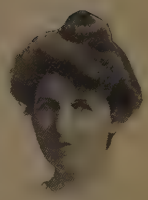
Another fair novelty is an all-star cook book, with the personally written recipes of well-known stage people. Another is an album with the autographs of famous stars. Both will bring fancy prices.

MRS. A. M. PALMER
Chairman Woman's Executive

MISS S. L. WESTFORD
Pres. Professional Woman's League

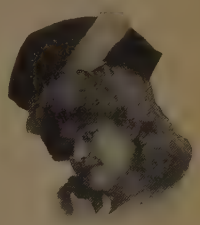
IDA C. NAHM
Vice-president Professional Woman's League

Some of the most prominent society ladies of New York will preside over a Teddy bear booth at the fair. There will be Teddy bears, natural and in costume; Teddy bears with glass eyes and electric eyes; and Teddy bears of greater variety than Teddy himself ever pictured in his wildest dreams of the pleasures of the chase.



Schloss
ALICE FISCHER

Anna Held, Lillian Russell, Ethel Barrymore, Grace George, Margaret Anglin, Eleanor Robson, Blanche Bates, Amelia Bingham, Maxine Elliott and Margaret Illington are among the famous women of the stage who will co-operate. There will be a stage beauty contest, many voting competitions and special sales of famous theatrical souvenirs—in short, a universal exposition to suit all tastes.



LOUISE GUNNING

Another novelty will be a Japanese garden arranged by Madame Fuji-Ko, the Japanese actress, now in America. A nephew of Charles Thorne has offered his Japanese servant, who will bake Japanese dainties, such as candies and rice cakes, for sale.

LAURA BURT

Business men of the city are responding cordially to the call for contributions of merchandise. The donations include an automobile, a hansom cab, a horse, a naphtha launch, a sailboat and a canoe. Publishers are giving copies of books to be sold, autographed by their authors, and twenty-five building lots have been donated by a real estate company. Vesta Victoria, Alice Lloyd and other celebrities will demonstrate songs in Music Publishers' Hall, and the Greenroomers, the Lambs' Club, the White Rats and Vaudeville Comedy Club will provide headliners for hourly performances. The Professional Woman's League, the Twelfth Night Club, the Century Theatre Club and the THEATRE MAGAZINE will equip mammoth booths.

EDITH ELLIS BAKER

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BOOTHS AND ATTRACTIONS OF THE GREAT ACTORS' FUND FAIR

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER, ENGLAND

VIEW OF DOVER AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

Where Shakespeare Set His Stage

No. 10. KING LEAR*

ALTHOUGH there are sources in plenty for Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear," there is but slight reason for believing in the actual existence of any such personage.

The story of King Lear and his three daughters was told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and from this author transcribed by Holinshed in his Chronicle. Johnson believed that Shakespeare took his play from the Chronicle, and possibly from an old historic ballad, save for the episode of Edmund, derived from Sidney. There was an old, anonymous play entitled "The True Chronicle Hystorie of Leire, King of England, and His Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan and Cordelia." The story of King Lear also occurs in the second book and tenth canto of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and in the fifteenth chapter of the third book of "Warner's Albion's England." Again it occurs in the "Gesta Romanorum" and in the Romance of Perceforest.

The one reason for believing in the possibility of an actual King Lear seems to lie in the fact that "Camden, in his 'Remaines,' under the head of 'Wise Speeches,' tells a similar story to this of Lear of Ina, King of the West Saxons, which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable." (Samuel Weller Singer, F. S. A.)

If indeed Shakespeare founded his play upon a semi-mythical, semi-actual Ina, his tragedy contains more anachronisms than may be found in almost any other of his plays. The kingdom of the West Saxons was founded in 519 A. D. by Cerdic, and existed as a separate kingdom until the union of the seven kingdoms of south England in 827 under Egbert. The only locality in the play directly alluded to as a portion of King Lear's domain which did not lie in this West Saxon kingdom is Dover, and that formed part of the domain of Kent. The Earl of Kent's estates being confiscated by King Lear would account for its inclusion. There was at this time a kingdom of Gloster, which might account for the "Earl of Gloster." There was a Cornish domain, still at that time inhabited by the South Britons instead of the Saxons; but as for the Duke of Albany, that title is a Scotch one, and was first conferred upon the brother of King Robert III. of Scotland in 1398. The historic duchy of Burgundy was founded in the ninth century, and the first approach to the title "King of France" was when, in 752, Pepin le Bref was crowned and anointed King of the Franks by Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence.

The difficulty of deciding upon an approximate period for the action of the drama is therefore apparent. To place it between the sixth and ninth centuries is perhaps as definite as possible.

No existing palace for the first scene of Act I. "A room of state in King Lear's palace" can be shown. Here the courtiers assemble and hear the protestations of great affection for their father by King Lear's two elder daughters; here "Fairest Cordelia" of the "heavenly eyes" and "delicate cheek," she who had been, as the King of France later reminds her father, the "best object, the argument of your praise, balm of your age," is

OLD HOUSES IN THE TOWN OF GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND

*Other plays in this series have been: "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Cymbeline."

so overcome by their protestations that when her turn comes she can but assure her foolish old father that she obeys, loves and honors him "according to my bond." In vain does the faithful Earl of Kent intercede for her, the "maid that justly thinks and hast most rightly said"; the king divides his lands between his two other daughters and their husbands, the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany, and Cordelia goes dowerless to her husband, the King of France. Kent is banished, his estates confiscated.

Scene II is in a hall in the Earl of Gloster's castle, where Edmund tries to set his father against his half brother, Edgar. Gloster being "a credulous father," Edgar "a brother noble, whose nature is so far from doing harm that he suspects none," his "practices ride easy." Gloster indicates the character of the banished Earl of Kent. He is "noble and true hearted," and in the fourth scene, which, with the third, is laid in a room in the Duke of Albany's palace, Kent says of himself that he is "a very honest fellow and as poor as the king," and also that he has "years on my back forty-eight."

Already Goneril has begun to show herself in her true colors, and the old king is glad to allow Kent, disguised as a humble man and unrecognized, to enter his service and protect him from the insults of his daughters' men. Even Albany, who cannot side with his wife, seems powerless to protect Lear from insult.

The concluding scene of the first act is laid in a court outside Albany's palace, as the old king departs for his other daughter's home, fondly fancying that he will be made welcome there, although his fool has done his best to assure him that "she will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab."

Save for a brief scene on the heath, all of Act II is laid either in or before the castle of the Earl of Gloster. As the first Earl of Gloster died in 1147, the mere introduction of such a title furnishes another anachronism. As for the town of Gloucester, it is sufficiently old and interesting. An ancient Roman camp, its then name of Glevum is said to be derived from the British Caer Glow, the fair city. As early as 679 there was a monastery there, and it was a frequent seat of courts, so might well figure in this drama. Even now it is a quaint and interesting town, with a cathedral dating from 1058, when it was the church of a Benedictine abbey. At the end of the second act, although it is a "wild night," the aged man departs from his unnatural daughters and goes out on the heath, attended only by his faithful fool.

THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL SCENE IN "THE MILLS OF THE GODS" AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

The first scene of Act III is laid on this heath, and the various portions of it alluded to in subsequent scenes may be thought of as extending between Gloucester, the town in the southern centre of England, and Dover, on its southeastern coast, for the old king moves steadily on towards the vicinity of Dover. To Dover Kent begs the "gentleman" of this first scene hasten, for "from France there comes a power into this scatter'd kingdom, who, already wise in our negligence, have secret feet in some of our best ports." A storm rages, and throughout the scenes of this act Lear's insanity increases. He is joined by Edgar, disguised as a poor witless creature. One of Edgar's supposed mad exclamations terminates in the following words: "Ha no nonny, dorphin my boy, my boy, sessa, let him trot by." These appar-

(*Continued on page x.*)

The Richest Woman on the Stage

FANNY WARD LEWIS, the richest actress in the world, who is now making her first American tour as leading woman with Kyrle Bellew, the English actor, in J. Hartley Manner's society comedy, "A Marriage of Reason," believes that money has been the principal impediment to her progress towards attaining popular favor, and says that she would willingly give up all the joys that her husband's millions afford if she could be taken by the public at what she considers her artistic worth, and judged by artistic standards alone, with no thought nor consideration of her social position, her wealth and the piercing limelight that has beat upon her since she started upon her career as an actress.

This is another side of the great theatrical story. Actresses who are less fortunate in financial goods, critics of the drama and the general public are wont to decry the present starring system as one that results almost entirely from financial "pull." They point to many actresses whose sudden advancement from the chorus or the kitchen to stardom has apparently been brought about solely through their ability to inspire managers to promote them by means of lavish expenditures of money. It was money that paid for their exploitation, money that risked launching them as full-fledged stars, and money that kept them before the public eye and created in certain minds at least an undue appreciation of whatever merits they possessed. Mrs. Lewis, in a recent conversation with the writer, seemed to explode this theory. And as her husband is variously rated as the possessor of from forty to fifty millions of dollars, she should speak with authority. She is undoubtedly the possessor of considerable dramatic ability. She is one of the most beautiful women before the public, and attained a considerable reputation as a stage artist before she made the marriage contract that placed her in a palace in Berkeley Square in London; therefore it could not be urged in reply to her theories that she is impossible as an actress and that the theatre-going public does not care to spend its dollars to see her. The public does care to see her; but she believes that it thinks more of her collection of jewels, which is valued at about $2,000,000, and of her social position and the strange whim that causes her to renounce all of these and the life that goes with them for the grease, paint, the stuffy dressing room at the theatre and the fatigue of travel than of her personal qualities and qualifications as an actress.

"Some men have a passion for the stock exchange, others for the race track, for art, music or yachting; certain women devote their lives to writing novels, to sculpture or other pursuits," said Mrs. Lewis. "They may be wealthy and entirely independent of whatever revenue may come from success in any of these undertakings. But the public does not marvel at their 'freakish nature.' Their work is judged on the standards of worth by which others' work is judged. With the actress all this is different. She is merely on the stage because she wants to be vulgar and make a display of herself, her fine clothes and jewels. They never pause to think that she is endeavoring to perfect herself in the art of dramatic expression, and that her chief aim in life may be to devote her energies to the entertainment or at least the amusement of that class of people who go to the theatre. Wealth is the curse of the actress who wants to succeed. The glitter of her diamonds blinds the eyes of her auditors to her honest dramatic endeavors or achievements. The simple fact that she is the possessor of a vast sum of money seems to inspire a sensational and sometimes a scandalous attitude concerning her among the daily newspapers. In my own case I am constantly working against this disadvantage. When I arrived in a certain American city on the present tour I was startled and humiliated to find great glaring headlines and a story that I kept a dentist constantly at work filling my dogs' teeth with gold. I asked for an explanation of this absurdity and the editors told me that they considered it a 'readable story,' and therefore let it go through. Imagine the state of mind of the people who had read that nonsense when they came to the playhouse and were invited to judge me as a sane woman who was bending every effort to gain sober and intelligent criticism as an exponent of the drama! I repeat that the young woman who gets the opportunity to go upon the stage unheralded and friendless, so far as financial influence is concerned, has a distinct advantage over her sister who must first counteract the result of sensationalism inspired by her money and then try to work against this handicap in establishing herself to favor."

Fanny Ward Lewis was born in St. Louis thirty-two years ago, and is now visiting America for the first time since her departure for London in 1897. Through the influence of one of her father's friends she went on the stage as Cupid in "Adonis," and the photograph of her in that rôle has become almost a classic of its kind. She immediately became the favorite model for art protographers, and already the fame of her beauty had begun to exceed her reputation as an actress. She went to London with an American company and soon afterwards was introduced to Joe Lewis, the partner of Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit, who had acquired at least a local reputation in London and South Africa as a woman hater. He fell a victim to the charms of the American girl, however, and asked her to become his wife. It was agreed that she should leave the stage, and for a time she did so. The honeymoon was spent in Cairo at the height of the Egyptian winter season, and the beautiful wife of Joe Lewis, the "Diamond King," became the topic of gossip on two continents. When they returned to London her husband installed her in a beautiful house in Berkeley Square, the neighbor to Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne and the Duchess of Devonshire, she being the only actress, with the exception of Lady Bancroft, who had ever penetrated the barriers of this exclusive neighborhood. Mr. Lewis then bought "Chalfont St. Giles," a magnificent estate near William Waldorf Astor's "Cliveden." The mansion contains over forty rooms, and is set in the midst of a large park, at the entrance to which is the cottage where Milton lived and wrote some of his most famous works.

The social reign of the former actress was soon at its height. The husband literally showered diamonds and other gems upon his beautiful wife, and she became more and more identified with the great smart set of London. Once at a gala performance at Covent Garden the London papers observed that no woman in the house, excepting Queen Alexandra, had worn such valuable gems as hung about the neck and shoulders of the former actress. Her London mansion soon became a favorite rendezvous for society. The hunting breakfasts served at her country estate by

(*Continued on page xiv.*)

Otto Sarony Co.

FANNY WARD LEWIS

This American actress, who is now leading woman for Kyrle Bellew and appearing with that actor in the comedy by J. Hartley Manners, entitled "A Marriage of Reason," has not been seen on the boards for a decade. Some twelve or fifteen years ago, when little more than a child, Fanny Ward attracted attention here as Cupid in Henry Dixey's production of "Adonis." In 1897 she went to London where she married Joe Lewis, one of the partners of Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit, whose fortune is estimated at anywhere between forty and fifty millions

Rehearsing a Play with Rachel

By ERNEST LEGOUVÉ

EVERY little detail which we of to-day may be able to learn regarding the great players of the past—their personalities, their domestic sorrows, their weaknesses and foibles, their different methods of preparing the rôles made famous by their histrionic genius—must always be of special interest to the student of stage history. Rachel, the French tragic actress (1821-1858), was one of the most gifted players the stage has ever seen. In an article published in *Les Annales* the late Ernest Legouvé, co-author with Scribe of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," relates the difficulties which Rachel had to overcome before she was seen as the heroine of their play.

We had written our drama, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," expressly for Mlle. Rachel at her own urgent request. But during the few months in which M. Scribe and I were at work upon it she became disgusted with the idea. Fickle by nature and through bodily weakness, she asked everybody's opinion, and they all influenced her mind. And so she came to the reading of the play, having already decided to refuse the rôle.

RACHEL

Everybody was on hand; the actresses mingled with the actors, and when we entered I observed a keenly critical expression which filled me with apprehension. Scribe took the manuscript and began the reading. I settled myself in an armchair and watched. The associates of the Théâtre Français, vaguely informed of their famous comrade's secret opposition, were placed in a delicate position. If Mlle. Rachel did not wish to play a rôle which had been written at her own order there might be serious trouble, even legal proceedings. So everybody watched Mlle. Rachel's face. That face remained absolutely without expression, and all the others followed suit. During the five long acts she never smiled, applauded or gave any sign of approbation. Towards the close of the fifth act, attracted by the situation, in spite of herself, she leaned forward with an expression of interest; but, seeing that I noticed it, she at once sank back into her chair and resumed her statue-like expression.

After the reading Scribe and I went to the manager's office and in a few moments were informed that Mlle. Rachel "did not see herself in our rôle of Adrienne." "In other words," Scribe replied, "our play is rejected!" Next day three managers came to us begging for the play, but I persuaded Scribe to refuse their offers, convinced as I was that our play ought to be produced at the Théâtre Français. The managers still clamored for the play, and after six months Scribe declared that he was unwilling to wait any longer. "I only ask for one more week," I said; "if I fail I will surrender." He consented, and this is what I did.

A new manager had just taken control of the Théâtre Français. I went to him and said: "You know about Mlle. Rachel's refusal to play Adrienne. I don't know whether this refusal is wrong, but I am quite sure that the manner in which it has been given is improper. This is not the way in which a work which has been ordered should be declined. A man like M. Scribe ought not to be treated in such a manner. Mlle. Rachel ought to feel this and to suffer in consequence. A genius like hers must involve a sense of the ordinary proprieties of life. Very well; there is a way of reconciling all these difficulties. I will ask her to hear our play read, not at the theatre and surrounded by her comrades, but at her own home and with a few of her own friends, chosen by herself. She may invite as few or as many as she chooses, and I will come alone with the manuscript. If the play displeases her and this new committee I will consider the case settled against me." This proposition was made and accepted. An appointment was arranged for the next day. The judges chosen by Mlle. Ra-

chel were Jules Janin, Merle, Rolle and the manager of the Théâtre Français.

I came to the reading a little excited, but still master of myself. I was convinced that the right was upon my side, and I had prepared myself for the combat. Scribe was an admirable reader, and he had read our play marvelously, except in one particular. He did not succeed in fitting the character of Adrienne to Mlle. Rachel. He read it with much grace, wit, warmth, but the grandeur was lacking, the heroic spirit was not indicated. Now there was precisely the point by which Mlle. Rachel might be won, might be reconciled to this new rôle. The undertaking was not without perils and difficulties for her, and these must be lessened and overcome. It was necessary to convince her that what the public would consider a complete metamorphosis would really be, so far as she was concerned, merely a change of costume. This was where I thought that Scribe had failed in his reading, and I spent two days in studying to make it visible and palpable.

RACHEL IN LATER LIFE

My reception was charming. She was full of that insinuating grace which was so natural to her. She herself brought me a chair and drew aside the curtains to give me a better light. I smiled to myself at this profuse amiability, the more so as I clearly recognized the reason for it. How could a hearer so graciously ready to listen be accused of self-will or of acting in bad faith?

I began. All the first act Mlle. Rachel applauded and smiled; in fact, did precisely the reverse of what she had done upon the other occasion. Why? Adrienne does not appear in the first act, and so Mlle. Rachel ran no risk in praising it. This very praise would give an air of impartiality to her subsequent criticisms, and an air of sincerity to the regrets with which she would accompany her refusal. But her scheme was a great blunder. When her friends saw that she was pleased they joined her, and their hands became used to applauding. Encouraged by the applause, my reading became more animated, and I felt that I had my audience well in hand.

RACHEL IN "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR"

Adrienne enters in the second act, holding in her hand the part which she is studying. The prince approaches her and asks gallantly: "What are you looking for?" She replies: "Truth!" "Bravo!" cried Jules Janin. Oh, I said to myself, there is a friend indeed, for after all that speech was scarcely worth a bravo! Mlle. Rachel turned toward Janin with a glance which seemed to say: "Are you a traitor?" Fortunately the opinion of the traitor very soon became everybody's opinion. Mlle. Rachel, surprised and a little embarrassed to find that she was not disdainful, as she had been at the first reading, began to yield, feebly resisting the general impression, and contented herself by saying at the end of the second act, which was heartily applauded: "That act always struck me as the prettiest." That was her last show of defense. From the third act she bravely threw her first opinions overboard precisely as certain politicians free themselves of the convictions which swayed them yesterday. She clapped her hands, she laughed and cried, exclaiming from time to time: "How silly I have been!" And after the fifth act she threw her arms round my neck, kissed me heartily, and said: "Why have you never thought of being an actor?" The reader had saved the author. This delighted and flattered me, for a short time before, after having heard M. Guizot speak, she had exclaimed: "How I should like to play a tragedy with that man!" The next day I went into Scribe's house. "Ah, well!" he said in a jeering tone, "what's the news?" For my answer I took from my pocket a piece of paper and read to him: "Comédie Française, to-day at noon, rehearsal of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.'"

RACHEL AT THE TIME SHE STUDIED AT THE CONSERVATOIRE

"What!" he cried.

I told him all about it, and then the serious work of the rehearsals began. At these rehearsals I learned much. Every day I went to Mlle. Rachel's house at ten o'clock in the morning either with Scribe or alone when Scribe was detained by other work, and we studied together until half-past eleven the act which was to be rehearsed at one. The play was produced in twenty-eight days, and not a single day past without this double work of the morning and afternoon. In these hours I learned to admire Mlle. Rachel's industry, modesty, perspicacity, power of assimilation and amiability. She had not a trace of the great artist's vanity, not the slightest caprice of the spoiled child. She was absorbed in her art; everything was subordinated to her art. She listened, discussed, yielded when she was convinced, but did not yield until she was convinced. Here is a striking example

of this. Those who have seen her in Adrienne will remember that one of her greatest effects in the fifth act was a certain *"Ah! Maurice!"* uttered by her upon recognizing her lover in the midst of her delirium. If ever a cry upon the stage seemed a cry of inspiration, it was that. Now it took Mlle. Rachel three days, I will not say to produce this, but even to accept it. It was Scribe who pointed it out to her. She resisted Scribe, she resisted me. "It is false!" she would say, stubbornly; "it is merely theatrical!" Scribe, obstinate and rough when upon the field of battle, that is, at rehearsal, would reply: "It is false because you say it badly!" At last, after three days of fruitless attempts, this cry got itself into her heart, and came forth in a way far beyond our hopes. It became sublime. This was the way with her; you gave her a sou and she returned you a louis. These rehearsals have left me a characteristic remembrance.

RACHEL ON HER DEATH BED

A short time before the first representation the regular performance was given up one evening in order to have a rehearsal. Scribe, occupied with an opera, did not come. The fourth act brought us to eleven o'clock, and everybody went away. We remained alone, Mlle. Rachel, M. Regnier, M. Maillard and I. Suddenly Mlle. Rachel said to me: "Here we are with the theatre all to ourselves; suppose we try the fifth act, which we have never rehearsed? I've studied nothing but that for three days, and I'd like to test my study." We went upon the stage; no gas, no footlights. The only light we had was a little oil lamp near the prompter's box, in which there was no prompter. Our audience was a fireman asleep in a chair and myself sitting in the orchestra. From the very beginning I was profoundly moved by Mlle. Rachel's voice. I had never seen her so true, so simple, so powerfully tragic. The rays of that little smoky lamp threw a fearful lividness upon her face, and the emptiness of the house lent a strange hollowness to her voice. The effect was funereal! At the end of the act we went up again to the greenroom. As I passed by a mirror I was impressed by my paleness, and was still more impressed by seeing that M. Regnier and M. Maillard were equally pale. As to Mlle. Rachel, silent, sitting apart from us, shaken by little nervous tremblings, she wiped away some tears which still flowed down her cheeks. I went to her, and, for praise, pointed to her comrades' faces; then, taking her hand, I said: "My dear friend, you played that fifth act as you will never play it again in all your life!"

"I know it," she said, "and do you know why?"

"Yes, I know. Because there was no one to applaud you; because you had no thought about the effect, and so you actually became, in your eyes, poor Adrienne dying."

She was silent a moment, and then she said: "You are quite wrong about it! I have passed through a very strange experience. I did not weep for Adrienne, but for myself. Something told me all at once that I should die young, like her. It seemed to me that I was in my own bedroom, at my last hour, that I was attending my own death! So when you saw me shed real tears at that speech, 'Farewell, triumphs of the stage! Farewell, intoxications of an art which I have loved so dearly!' I wept because I thought despairingly that time would sweep away every trace of my talent and that very soon there would be nothing left of her who was Rachel!"

Lines to the Ghost of an Unhappy Player

THEY stripped away the laurels that you wore
And laid bare thorns—your failures, shames—to grace
Your friendless head, and to the public place
They brought you, dead, that all the world might roar
And point to those sad scars your body bore.
They did not see how, on the young-old face
Struggles were marked, and on the cheeks the trace
Of secret tears that now shall flow no more.
Not you alone are dead, for with you die
What splendid shadows! Shall we see again
The Danish prince, or love and die with him
Who scaled a wall most perilous and high?
Virginius, Orlando, all the men
That lived in you, shall these grow shadow-dim?
You failed in your own part, yet what man knew
How hard it was, save you who acted it?
Do we succeed so well that we may sit
In judgment on you, say what praise is due?
You died, still striving, and it must be true
That in that theatre whose stage is lit
With stars and stars, and in whose silent pit
No hissing or applause is heard, there you,
In gracious presence, speak and move and live,
Unblemished, gentle, of persuasive tongue,
That could as clarion thrill, as lute cajole.
Here hearts were dull. There every cry you give
Finds comrade answer. There, unstained and young,
You play a noble part—your better soul!

V. C.

Arnold Daly in "The Boys of Company B"

Frances Ring Arnold Daly

ACT II. "WHEN A FELLOW LOVES A GIRL THE WAY I DO, HE CAN'T TALK MUCH ABOUT IT"

Frances Ring Arnold Daly Morgan Coman Florence Nash

ACT III. "YES, HE WROTE THE LETTER, BUT HE WROTE IT FOR ME"

The Evolution of a Dramatist

INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS No. 7

GEORGE BROADHURST
Author of "The Man of the Hour," "The Mills of the Gods," etc.

"GEORGE ADE and George Hobart, Henry Blossom and myself are within a few years of the same age. My age is between that of Hobart and of Blossom. If you can get them to tell you their ages you will be able to compute mine within a few months."

This was George Broadhurst's reply to the interviewer's hint that she had almost enough courage to inquire his age, so amazingly youthful did this late farce writer and present serious dramatist look. Before she could summon her algebra he told her of an Englishwoman, also an information seeker, who called at his office in the Broadway Theatre Building, and asked for Mr. George Broadhurst.

"I am Mr. Broadhurst."

"No, no. It isn't you I want. It is another Mr. Broadhurst."

"My brother, Thomas Broadhurst, perhaps?"

"No, Mr. George Broadhurst."

"You mean my father. Call again Thursday week."

There was a time when Mr. Broadhurst, in the young dignity of his successful farces, resented the imputation that he was callow and inconsiderable. With added years and added plays and increasing royalties he begins to enjoy it. He deepens mild astonishment into bewildering amazement by citing the family birth record.

"I have a son who is seventeen years old and a daughter of fourteen. They are sailing this week for a visit to their grandmother, whom they have never seen."

An intimation of this enigmatical age comes in a later summary. "I ran away from home when I was sixteen. I crossed in the steerage. I made up my mind then that I wouldn't go back until I could go in the right way. And I didn't. I did not return to England until I followed my play 'What Happened to Jones' to London. My brother took the company over and I went later, as I wished, in the first cabin."

"What time elapsed?"

"Twelve years."

"That was about six years ago?"

"More than that. It was eight."

Sixteen years, plus twelve, plus eight. His age by his own unconscious computation!

"Thirty-six," murmured the interviewer, but the playwright was too deep in vital reminiscences to take note of matter so irrelevant.

While he sat at his desk the hard brilliance of the afternoon sunshine searched for characters of middle age in the smooth, boyish face, for glint of silver in the straight, carefully brushed light brown hair. The search was as unsuccessful as if its subject had been a joyous Yale sophomore. The face was grave, but behind his glasses dark eyes laughed boyishly, as his thoughts departed from their orbit of gravity upon some tangent of nonsense. Careful grooming denoted that Mr. Broadhurst has none of the disregard of personal appearance of the littérateur. He had the recently tubbed and newly barbered aspect of the Englishman at his best. His light brown suit with its almost imperceptible blue stripe was as free from fleck of dust or betraying wrinkle as a Puritan maiden's conscience of guile.

"I was born in a village in a most provincial part of England. When I was sixteen I received the first prize for my knowledge of the catechism and theology. Because I was the youngest boy who had ever received this prize I was sent to call upon the Bishop. I took a boy, who had never been to London, on the long railway journey with me, was met at the station by the Bishop's own carriage and four of the Bishop's servants, and taken before the Prince of the Church. He has since, by the way, become the Archbishop of York. He was much impressed with my deep learning and piety, so much so that, placing his hand upon my head, he said: 'My lad, your learning is such that there is no reason why you should not some day occupy my seat in the church.' Imagine the effect of such a speech upon doting parents. I was foreordained for priesthood in the church of England. There was not the slightest question about it in the minds of my father and mother.

"In my own mind there was so much doubt that soon afterward I had sold all my medals for scholarship and was running away to America. Although I came over in the steerage, I tipped the cook. Don't you think that proves the existence of a sense of humor? All the way over I ate with the cook. I went straight to Chicago, arriving there with six dollars. I arrived on

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS MRS. JONES, THE CHARWOMAN, IN "THE SILVER BOX" AT THE EMPIRE

Miss Barrymore in this piece, which was not particularly successful, played the part of a wretched scrubwoman, who was wrongfully suspected of theft and sent to prison

Sunday and on Monday I was at work at five dollars a week as a clerk for the Board of Trade. I fell in with the English captain of a cricket team, and he allowed me to live with his family for three dollars a week. It was cheap, but you see I played cricket, and he wanted me for his team. I worked for the Board of Trade for seven years. When I left it was to take the management of a theatre in Milwaukee. Afterwards I went to Baltimore to take charge of a theatre there. Ultimately I went to the Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco as manager.

"While there I met Bronson Howard, and we talked of a play that had had a run of one consecutive night. I mentioned a scene that, it seemed to me, would strengthen the play.

"'Why don't you write plays?' Mr. Howard remarked, slipping into his overcoat. 'You have dramatic instinct insight.' He was across the threshold and in the street, not having waited for an answer. I tried to answer it myself, but could give no better reason why for not writing plays than that I had never thought of it.

"I began turning over an idea that had once appealed to me. Two members of the Board of Trade, hating each other fiercely. Their children fell in love. Can't you see the conflict? The idea evolved into my first play, 'The Speculator.'

"But vicissitudes intervened. I became the editor of a newspaper at Grand Forks, North Dakota. It is not necessarily a vicissitude to be the editor of a newspaper, but you must bear in mind that this was at Grand Forks, North Dakota. And I worked for M. B. Leavitt. One day I quarreled with Leavitt.

"'I might have known I couldn't work for a man like you,' I said. 'Why not? Why couldn't you work for a man like me?' I looked him over, studied his peculiar style of dressing, and replied: 'I should have known that I couldn't work for a man who wears a silk hat with a sack coat.' My discharge followed.

"I had a wife and child, and was working for twenty dollars a week when I wrote 'The Speculator.' It was accepted by the first man to whom I showed it, W. H. Crane, but at the last there was some disappointment about the production. The second manager who saw it produced it, and it ran for two years.

"The idea for 'What Happened to Jones' came when I asked myself the question, 'What sort of a character will make a good play?' I thought of a traveling man. 'A drummer is a good character,' I concluded, and 'What Happened to Jones' was the result. So the idea of a set of situations offered by the man who is pestered by visiting relatives gave rise to 'Why Smith Left Home.'"

Otto Sarony Co.

PERCY HASWELL

Now acting at the head of her own stock company in Baltimore, Md.

"What is your best play?"

"My best play is 'The Mills of the Gods.' The New York critics do not think so. The play ran in Chicago under the name 'The Coward' and the critics liked it. But it is a singular fact, and shows the monetary value of dramatic criticism, that when 'The Man of the Hour' opened in New York all the criticisms were favorable, yet the second night the house was a small one, and the opening of the second week the business was poor. On the other

THE CHILDREN WHO APPEAR IN PAUL ARMSTRONG'S DRAMA OF WESTERN LIFE "SALOMY JANE"

hand not more than two critics gave a favorable opinion of 'The Mills of the Gods,' yet the second night the house was packed and the opening of the second week the business was tremendous."

The interviewer essayed some comfort. "After all it is the box office that talks."

"Yes, but we care. It hurts to be misunderstood. I had no intention of making a melodrama of 'The Mills of the Gods.' It is the study of a man's character. Several years ago I was passing a public school, and stopped to watch a group of boys. The crowd was gathered about a little fellow whom they were calling a coward.

"'I'll go and get his sister, and let her see what a coward he is,' said one of the boys.

"'No you won't," said the little fellow.

"'I will.'

"'You won't.'

"In a second the little fellow was whipping the biggest boy in the crowd. 'There is a play,' I thought, as I walked on. You remember that I made the point, that every man is a coward until he has an incentive to be brave. 'What would make a cowardly man brave?' I asked myself. 'An attack upon the character of a woman he loved,' I answered. I wrote 'The Mills of the Gods' before 'The Man of the Hour.' I am sorry that the critics did not see what I was trying to do. Not one of the New Yorkers did see it."

We talked of legitimate criticism, and Mr. Broadhurst said: "It is simpler than it seems. Every play should answer the question 'Why?' If it answers that question, it is a good play.

"But opinion is not criticism," he continued. "Do you know what is the great human joke? It is The Playgoers' Club. There is a clergyman who speaks frequently at that club. He said, 'It is a shame that a play should drag forth into the light all the infamy of our corrupt municipal politics as does "The Man of the Hour."' 'Have you seen the play?' someone asked him. 'I never have,' he replied. Now why should a man who has never seen a play presume to criticise it? I wish I could have been at that meeting. I would have enjoyed it."

"What is the best line you have ever written?"

Mr. Broadhurst's eyes gleamed with amusement behind their screening glasses. "It was in 'The Wrong Mr. Wright.' A man has dreamed all his life for twenty years about a sweetheart, whom he remembers as slender and pretty.

"'She had the figure of a Diana, my boy,' he said to his nephew. 'They don't build them that way now.'

"He meets the sweetheart, whose figure has thickened and whose gait is a portly waddle. The mischievous young man says, 'Uncle, they don't build them that way now.'

"The uncle replies with the line that I think is my best: 'My boy, the lucky man is the one who doesn't get what he wants.'

"The best laugh I have found is the one that comes from the serious man. It is the element of unexpectedness that makes it funny.

"You remember the boss in 'The Man of the Hour,' the serious man? The best laugh in the piece comes from a speech of his. He is facing a crisis, and someone asks him what he will do.

"'Do?' he growls, 'I'll go home and play mumbly peg.'"

The evolution of a writer of farce into a serious dramatist is one marked by pain and humiliation and heart-wringing disappointments. Mr. Broadhurst is an authority, he declares, upon all of these.

Marceau

ANTOINETTE PERRY

Now appearing as leading woman with David Warfield in "The Music Master"

"Charley Hoyt, whom I liked tremendously, came to the Madison Square Theatre to see one of my pieces.

"'My boy,' he said, with that ridiculous drawl of his, 'if you're ever going to do anything else than this nonsense, commence right away. If you don't, they won't let you.' If I tried to do anything serious I believe they'd hang me. Before I went into this playwriting business I managed a lecture bureau out west. I couldn't drive 'em to see anybody but a humorist. Whenever he came to town the house was filled. One night the humorist came to me and told me his wife's mother was dead. He liked his wife and he liked his wife's mother, and he couldn't speak. 'At least, you've got to save me by making an appearance,' I said, and he consented. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I can't address you this evening because my mother-in-law is dead.' The house yelled. 'It isn't a joke,' he protested, and took the telegram from his pocket and shook it at them, while the tears ran down his face. At that the house went wild. 'Bravo, Bravo,' they cried. 'You're the funniest man in the world. Can't speak because his mother-in-law is dead! Bravo.' If they think once that you're funny they'll never let you be anything else. If I were to dramatize the Last Supper and made Jesus Christ the leading man they'd laugh.

"Just as I accepted and adopted Mr. Howard's advice I followed Mr. Hoyt's. I determined never to write another farce until I had proven that I could write serious plays. The way was one of hot spikes with thorns for adornment. Henry Miller had

(*Continued on page viii.*)

The Lure of the Billboard

By VIRGINIA FRAME

WITH large plumed hats, nodding bewitchingly from board walls, with fluttering ruffles and flowery gowns, adding to the allurement of the Poster Girl's inviting smile, the small boy is not the only loiterer in the company of the merrie folk of the billboards. What man is not susceptible to the fascinations of a pretty woman, even though that woman appear on paper? The new poster artist has proclaimed Art everywhere, and has made it his mission to touch the ugly necessity of trade with the ennobling brush of beauty. But though the manager proclaims that sweet are the uses of advertisement, he has been answered that its abuses are less sweet and more patent. While the very purpose of the billposter necessitates the subordinating of the esthetic qualities to the commercial, the "shouting" poster is no longer necessary, and anyone who has noted the progress along artistic lines of this form of art must admit that the theatre poster now stands in the foremost rank.

POSTER MADE BY MUCHA FOR MME. BERNHARDT'S LAST AMERICAN TOUR

The poster artist is born, not made. Like the actor and the playwright, he must have a sense of the dramatic. As time limits the range of the playwright's fancy, so space and economy of attention bind the invention of the artist. The lay artist may produce more detailed work, finer and more subtle, but it is the poster artist brought up in the trade who knows that the first business of his drawing is to attract attention, who can see in his small sketch the effect it will produce when reproduced in great masses, who realizes the value of not overcrowding his canvas, of the power of few colors in strong contrast and of few lines forcefully drawn. It is his work that makes its bid from billboard and ash barrel.

The announcement poster or handbill probably existed as early as writing and drawing began to express men's wishes. There is a papyrus in the Louvre, dated 146 B. C., that may be described as a poster. It offers a reward for the capture of two slaves, escaped from the city of Alexandria. Another, that was found in the Temple of Jerusalem, was issued in the reign of Herod the Great, and forbids entry by foreigners to certain parts of the Temple on pain of death. This Roman notice board was called an "album," and the Roman actor was not long in taking advantage of its publicity, and engaged one Callades, an artist mentioned by Pliny, to picture him in his different rôles. Callades was the Chéret of his age, the renowned advertiser of ancient Rome.

From Rome the album was advanced into Gaul and Britain, and soon in countries far and near it was sporting colors gay and flaunting as any mountebank, but it was not until within the last fifty years that the poster business became an art. Jules Chéret has been hailed as the creator of the modern poster. It is his work that gave France pre-eminence in this line of craftsmanship, which that country has kept until to-day unchallenged. Chéret's work, with its riot of color, its glowing reds and burning yellows, its spontaneous and infectious joyousness, adds to the gaiety of a gay Paris, a Paris that loves this variegated brilliancy and pictured merrymaking. One could better imagine champagne without its bubbles than Paris without Chéret. Still Chéret never tells the plot. Under the yoke of trade he had learned that his business was to attract; under the spur of his genius he felt attraction could be dealt with more effectively in lines of laughter and beauty than in sombre tones. Eugene Grasset is another French artist whose talent has been given to the restrictive lines of the poster art. Grasset's work is more decorative but less daring than that of Chéret. The work of de Toulouse-Lautrec is marked by force of realism and power of grotesqueness. Attracted by the personality of Mlle. Guilbert, he, as many fellow artists, has made her the subject of some of his most successful designs. Steinlen is another artist whose work is relentless in its veracity, though again he can be dainty and fanciful as the designer of a French fan.

The advertising spirit was felt in England about the same time that it pervaded France, but its pictorial side did not at-

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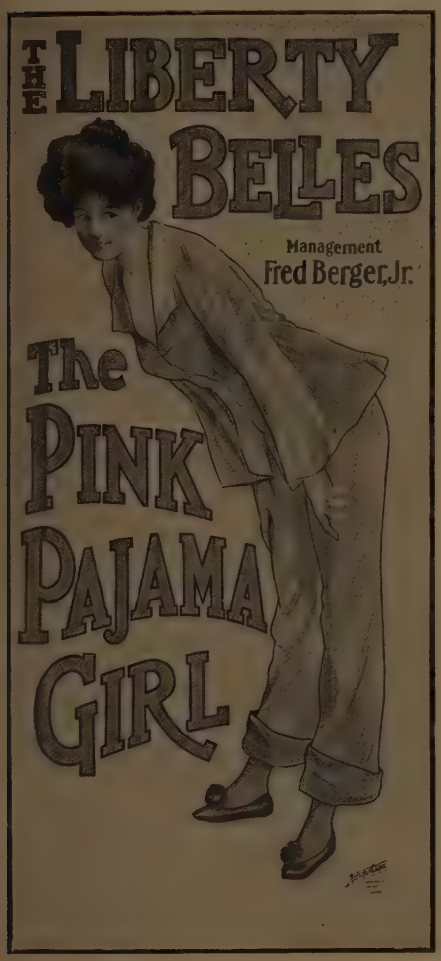
POSTER EXECUTED FOR JULIA MARLOWE

tract them as quickly as it did their French brothers. Now English walls hold their orgy of colors that brightens many a fog-dimmed day. Dudley Hardy is one of the best known of the English poster artists. His work after the Gallic style portrays girls of alluring charm and abandon. His handling is clever and chic. The "brothers Beggarstaff" have done some striking work, among the best known of which are two posters done for Sir Henry Irving, one for his production of Becket, the other for Don Quixote. Perhaps the English artist whose drawing created the greatest furor of praise and condemnation was the far-famed Aubrey Beardsley. When his early poster for "Arms and the Man" threw its challenge to the public gaze, many stopped to sneer derisively, some stopped to gaze awe-stricken, but all stopped. His was the esthetic craze of an earlier day let loose. Like the Japanese, he did not hold that proportions must be true to life. His weird figures have many imitators and were cleverly caricatured by J. Hearn under the signature of Weirdsley Daubery. Hiatt sums up his characteristics in several apt phrases. He says the pictures are "distorted echoes of Chinese execution and Rossettian feeling, seen with a squinting eye, imagined with a Mephistophelian brain and executed with a vampire hand."



POSTER MADE BY ARCHIE GUNN FOR "THE LIBERTY BELLES"

The Hungarians second the French in the excellence of their poster work. Mucha, in particular, has done much interesting and valuable work. He is thoroughly artistic and a draughtsman of great skill, in which skill he never turns from lines of beauty. In the Austrian and German designs decorative qualities are especially noticeable. The Italian poster has little originality, but a quality of charm and grace that marks so much of that country's work. A recent poster of Buffalo Bill, when that worthy favored the Italian capital, is said to have caused considerable stir by its very gorgeousness and its colors, bright as Italian skies. The Chinese and Japanese, with their love for all kinds of applied arts, take readily to this form of design, which gives scope to their special aptitude in division of space and massing of colors.

Despite the claims of pre-eminence for French cunning and for English seriousness, the Americans, by their present increasing standard of excellence, are making a strong bid for first rank. They are getting away from the cynical suggestiveness of the French art, but endeavoring to maintain the strength and directness that came from its inspiration. They are profiting from the lesson learned in the steps of progress made from the early Pompeian bills down to the American circus poster. They are willing to learn wherever they recognize a teacher. Going back to the old masters, they learn the value of single lines and simple masses. The flat color, so noticeable in the work of Boutet de Monvel and in the modern poster of this country, has been suggested to them by Egyptian wall painting. Among the pioneers of the poster in America were Edward Penfield, Will Bradley and Louis Rhead. Now the leading firms of American lithographers work independently of the outside artist. They have their own staffs of forty or

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POSTER BY R. F. OUTCAULT FOR HIS OWN PLAY

POSTER BY SEWELL COLLINS

The dress is in red, with an underskirt and bodice in green and yellow stripes. The background is blue

Copyright Strohbridge Litho Co.

POSTER FOR THE RECENT AMERICAN TOUR OF MR. AND MRS. FORBES-ROBERTSON

Copyright U. S. Lithograph Co.
POSTER FOR CONCERT TOUR OF MME. MANTELLI

more competent artists, while such men as Leyendecker, Archie Gunn, Hamilton King, Hy Mayer, Sewell Collins, Scotson-Clarke and Ernest Haskell bring in designs. Where formerly from one stone was produced an edition in four months, they have come to over 400 stones producing the same edition in four days.

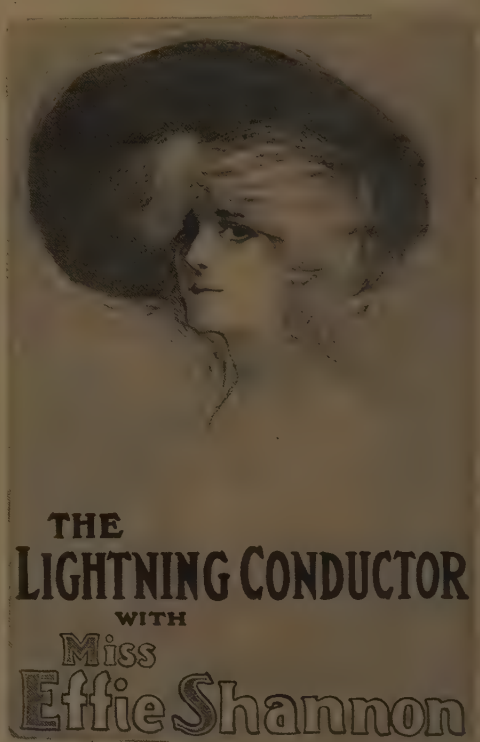
With the advance in the art of lithography simpler as well as more artistic methods are employed. The manuscript of the play, if possible, accompanied by photographs, is given to the artists, and the passages or scenes selected which are to be incorporated into the poster. A small sketch is made, approved, and then worked out in detail. By means of the lantern it is thrown upon the canvas, where it is painted in the size of the finished poster. It is now ready to be transferred to the stones. The mediums used by the artists for the drawings are oils, water colors and pastels. The work on the stone is done with an oil crayon. The artist who can himself transfer his work has the advantage of carrying out more fully his own ideas. Most of the men who develop the designs of the original artist, transferring them to the stone and seeing them printed, are Germans or German Americans, who resent the innovation of the sketchy poster and prefer the smooth, finished product of the past years.

The poster artist is no mere artisan. Besides a strong sense of proportion of massing and of contrast, he must be a good draughtsman, a portrait painter and an original thinker. Actors and actresses sit for their portraits, which are finished while they wait. The stagefolk hoard their time and have little patience with delays. The portrait posters of William Lackaye and Cecil Scott were made from rapid sketches by artists in the lithographers' offices. The poster artist of to-day is moreover a man with a mission. The task is his to educate the people away from the horrors of the sensational poster. The scenes portrayed on the billboards to depict the attraction of the melodrama are lurid and bloodthirsty. There are villains choking the breath from fair-haired maidens; there are policemen, pistol in either hand, raiding gambling dens; there are dissecting tables and there are morgues. The appeal is of the "yellow" order to the lowest instincts of human nature. The poster for musical comedy draws by its "cascade" of pretty girls, that for the legitimate drama by its artistic or literary appeal, but sensationalism is the keynote of the melodramatic poster. The louder the picture, the poorer the work. The elevation of taste, then, is imposed on the present generation of poster artists, along with greater exactions of skill. But with vastly improved methods of lithography, with encouragement and with perseverance, they seem destined to accomplish their mission and to make the "poor man's picture gallery" not merely beautiful, but ennobling.

The colored covers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, which have been eagerly sought by poster collectors, have also inspired the leading lithographers with ideas for effective billboards. For example, the portrait of Fritzi Scheff as Mlle. Modiste, which appeared on our cover for May, 1906, was adapted by the Strobridge Lithograph Co., and used extensively by the management to advertise their star. Maude Adams, James K. Hackett, Otis Skinner, Grace George and other players have likewise used the artistic covers of this magazine for poster advertising.

The theatre program of to-day, with the gaudy poster cover, has undergone much the same transformation that has been effected in the billboard poster. There was early a notice or handbill in the doorways of the theatres, which gave the play and list of characters to be presented, and sometimes the names of the actors that were to take the parts. Later, by the payment of a small sum, one of these modest but much-coveted handbills could become the property of whosoever had the wherewithal to buy. Then the commercial spirit opened its eyes to the value of handbills as means of advertising, and our bulky books of to-day are the result. That dealers believe in this form of bringing their wares to notice can be attested by the number of pages through which the theatregoer must plod in order to find the cast.

Every now and again city authorities set themselves up as a censorship of the billboards and rule off such posters as are considered offensive or indecent. If such authority should be exercised regularly and fairly it would aid the progress of the better class of work, but usually many obnoxious examples are allowed to pass unnoticed, until a certain worthy official shall find time to open his eyes to some flagrant abuse and bring the offender down with pomp and a flourish of trumpets. A very chic but eminently proper poster by Archie Gunn was recently condemned in a small town by local authorities as calculated to corrupt the morals of the municipal officials. The manager withdrew it without protest, not wishing to add to the mire in which they already floundered.



POSTER BY HAMILTON KING FOR EFFIE SHANNON'S TOUR

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By EDMUND BREESE

EDMUND BREESE
As John Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse"

THE first bud of my dramatic aspirations was nipped by a severe parental frost.

Some of the boys I knew in Brooklyn, where I had had the advantage, mingled with the disadvantages, as haughty Manhattanites choose to view it, of being born, told me the thrilling news that there was a theatre on Broadway in New York that "wanted actors."

Always in the watchtower for an opportunity, I determined to apply for a job in acting. I was twelve years old, and distinguished neither for my quietness nor my over-clean face, in any part of Brooklyn. Two seconds after the news that this theatre "wanted actors" I was on a Bridge car on my way to the theatre. With me went a large convoy of boys who didn't want to become actors, but did want to see me in the process. The theatre was somewhere on lower Broadway, and I think it was the old Star just below Union Square.

My head didn't reach the window of the box office and the treasurer had to lean out and peer over the sill to see who was voicing the inquiry whether he wanted an actor.

He surveyed the convoy and myself and said: "Yes; go back on the stage. There's a man there who wants actors."

The stage manager looked me over, his eyes lingering longest on my face, which had acquired an extra veil of dust on my ride from Brooklyn.

EDMUND BREESE
As Albert in "Monte Cristo"

"You want to go on the stage?" he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Come to-morrow, at ten."

I left the theatre with the proud consciousness that I was an actor or would be an actor the next day. I knew nothing of professional cast nor supers. I rushed breathlessly home and flung myself into my mother's room."

"I'm going to be an actor," I announced.

My mother scarcely looked up from her sewing. Although she was an exceedingly self-possessed woman, this calmness staggered me. I repeated the world-upsetting news.

"You're going to be an actor?" she repeated evenly. "Where?"

I explained. Her reply tolled the knell of my hopes.

She pointed to my school books.

"Get at your lessons," she said, tying a knot in her thread before she went on sewing. "You are not going to be an actor."

From experience I knew that my mother was made of Spartan stuff. When she said that I was not going on the stage I knew I wasn't. Nor did I until eleven years later.

When I was fifteen I persuaded my mother to lend her ear to an entirely different plan. She had become somewhat discouraged at my being put out of school so often, and the formula of the complaining teachers had gotten on her nerves.

"He can be a good boy when he wants to be, but he so seldom wants to be."

After I had been summarily dismissed from many public schools my mother had put me into a private one. Of course in schools where you pay you can do pretty well as you like, and I didn't like to study. My mother had found that the money she spent for my tuition might better be spent for rugs or rocking chairs for family use. Therefore when I told her of the wish of my chum and myself to go west she listened.

EDMUND BREESE, AGED SEVEN

"How did you think of it?" she asked.

I told her of having picked up a scrap of paper in the street and reading a man's answer to Horace Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man, go west." But the two columns of refutation were to my mind outweighed by the six words of Greeley's injunction. My mother seemed impressed. Perhaps she was sufficiently tinged with superstition to believe that the scrap of paper blown to my feet may have been as the sign of a guiding Providence. At any rate she gave me money to take me west.

My chum and I went to Beatrice, Neb., afterwards to Belleville, Kan. He had money, I had not. That is the reason probably that he only worked until he was tired, and stopped. It may be the reason why he has no money at all left to-day.

We worked as we found work. Several times I sang in church choirs. Then I found a place as farm hand. So did my friend, but he did not stay at work. Why should he? He had inherited money and my mother had enough to live on, but no more. It was understood that as I grew up there was necessity for me to hustle. I took object lessons in agriculture, that is, I was a farm hand, for five years. I learned every branch of farming. I was a good farmer. I could be a farmer now without setting potatoes under a hen.

When I was twenty years old the opportunity came to travel for a firm of manufacturers of farinaceous foods. The desire to be an actor survived. It led me two years later to rehearse a sketch with another young man who wanted to go upon the stage. We were in St. Louis and I asked the manager for an engagement. He said: "All right. Come Friday night."

Friday night is amateur night there as it is here. I knew what awful things these amateur nights were and had seen one man who wanted to be an actor literally "get the hook." I told my partner the time was not yet, and I went on dispensing samples of farinaceous food.

Two years later, while I was in Kansas City—no, it was in St. Louis—I saw an advertisement in a local paper, "Wanted—A Comedian. Send reply to Mrs. ——, Eureka Springs, Ark."

I answered immediately. To my answer came this reply: "Where have your worked?" Shades of Ananias, how I lied!

"I have been with Francis Wilson," I telegraphed, and on the strength of having been in Mr. Wilson's company I was engaged. Mr. Wilson, being my favorite comedian, I relied upon him to be my guiding spirit.

Arriving at Eureka Springs I was sent to the hotel where the woman who headed the small company lived. She was proprietor as well as star of the company. As I made my way to the door of her parlor I wondered how I could make an impression.

"Remember that you are a comedian," whispered an imp in my ear.

As I opened the door I fell headlong into the room. My employer and her daughter laughed. The impression was made.

But I wouldn't advise any other young would-be comedian to try it. I have often wondered what I should do to a temerarious young man who introduced himself to me in that fashion.

We opened in "My Awful Dad," the Lester Wallack play. I was made leading man. The manager of the company asked me if I was a quick study and I didn't know what he meant. We had to put on "My Awful Dad" at once, and when the curtain rose I knew just half my part. You may know how bad the company was when I say that it gave just half the play. Even before that half was reached I stuck in my lines, with other characters on the stage. I went up in them completely. Two women were on the stage, one waiting to be made love to, the other to be scorned.

Just then I remembered that the business manager had asked me as stage manager—I had been made stage manager right away—to make a speech after the third act, thanking the audience for being there, telling what we would do the next night, and promising to try to have room for them. I didn't wait for the third act. Dashing down to the front I smiled in an attempt to be ingratiating and made the speech. And the play stumbled on in some way.

We didn't last very long. We couldn't. We were too bad. Our life endured for four or five weeks. Instead of receiving any salary I was always paying out money. If there was a piano to be engaged at the next stand I, as stage manager, paid for the moving and rent of it. There was a constant stream of money flowing, not toward but from me. Just before our dissolution I wrote Jake Carner, offering my services to his company. Again I had secured one great point by my engagement with the repertoire company. My name was on the programs. I sent Mr. Carner the programs. I dared not send him the newspaper notices.

By the way, there was one good newspaper notice, but it was an oral one. A cub newspaperman, who stuck type half the time and wrote articles the other half, said to me: "What is a man like you doing with such a bum company? When you come on the stage you know what to do with yourself. Those fellows can't find room for their hands or feet."

"But, my dear fellow, you must remember I was with Francis Wilson," I answered, outwardly composed, but inwardly believing the man was prodding me. I don't know yet whether he was deceiving me or I had deceived him.

As I said, I had made an application to Mr. Carner, telling the old lie about my experience. Not hearing from him I went to an iron foundry and asked for work. They at once gave me a desk and I began my duties as a clerk. I had gotten friendly with my employer and was nursing hopes of a commercial career when on the third day of my employment there I received a letter from Mr. Carner engaging me for his company.

I wrote him at once and told him the whole story: how I didn't know how to act and had lied and bluffed my way through my first engagement. I told him I was convinced that the stage offered no opportunities for me and that I had better stick to the iron foundry. The next day came a telegram. "Pack your clothes and come at once. J. K. Carner."

I told my employer of it and he told me I was a fool. He said there was a future for me in business and none on the stage, but I left to join Mr. Carner.

ROBERT DROUET AND FLORENCE ROCKWELL
In "The Mills of the Gods" at the Manhattan Theatre

Vivie Warren (Cathrine Countess) Mrs. Warren (Mary Shaw)
Act IV. Mrs. Warren enlightens her daughter as to her "profession," and pleads for sympathy
SCENE IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" SEEN LATELY AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

He made me his leading man at ten dollars a week.

But salaries were like the visits of unseen spirits. There weren't any. In six weeks we closed. My one drop of comfort was that George Farren, manager for the company, said: "If you're ever out of an engagement, Breese, come to New York and I'll get you an engagement."

We closed in a town near Toledo and I went back to that city, intending to go again to my friend of the foundry. But instead I went to a theatre.

I asked the box office man if there were any actors needed. He answered "No," but a voice from within called: "Is that an actor?" "Yes," answered the man at the window. "Does he want to work?" "Yes." "Send him in."

The voice had proceeded from the advance man of the company, "Captain Paul," who knew that the villain was leaving that day. I was engaged for the leading part, Alfred De Lisser, the leading man's voice having played him tricks.

A few weeks sufficed with that company. Again salaries were not paid. It was the third and last time. I went back to Brooklyn. It was the first visit I had made there since I left nine years before.

In New York I hunted up Mr. Farren. He introduced me to Jake Spies. I was engaged for Mme. Rhea's leading man, a position I held for two years.

The hard times of the beginnings were over. Thereafter I received my salary, and the companies were not brittle.

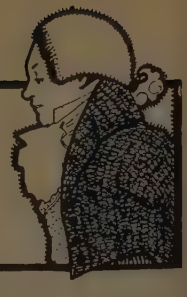
I was next engaged by James O'Neil and was with him for four years, learning much of what I know about acting by watching him.

I was with the Castle Square Stock Company, another good school, for a year. I was with an all-star production of "Monte Cristo" and "Romeo and Juliet," and went starring for some nine weeks in the Edmund Breese Stock Company, and again in "Monte Cristo."

The hard times which we associate with the beginnings of a career ended when I left my third non-salary paying repertoire company and came to New York and George Farren generously

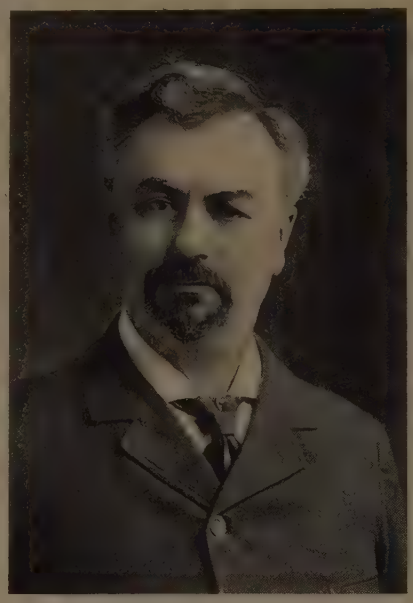
(*Continued on page vi.*)

The Lesson of the Opera Season



NEW YORK is closing its music-hungry ears after a season of opera that has been well nigh revolutionary. At the Manhattan Opera House there has been heard a group of remarkable artists, all strangers here, and many of whom would probably never have come to New York at all unless it had pleased Mr. Conried to bring them, and there are no evidences that he would have so pleased.

New voices, like those of Bonci, Sammarco, Bassi and Dalmores, are far too exceptional to be missed by the New York public. Mr. Conried has constantly wailed forth the fact that he had explored every artistic corner of Europe, but that there were no other artists to be had that were worth the cost of importation. Yet Mr. Hammerstein, who had devoted the greater part of his life to managing vaudeville enterprises, after only a few months of preparation returns from Europe with those notable artists as game, and proves himself to be one of the most competent and successful directors of grand opera this country has yet seen. The Manhattan season has not only had exceptional artistic and educational value, but the triumph of Oscar Hammerstein has rendered somewhat ridiculous the foolish boast of a rival impresario that there was only one man in this country competent to produce grand opera with artistic and financial success, and that superior person was—himself.



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN
Director of the Manhattan Opera House, who in one season has introduced to American opera lovers more new and beautiful voices than have been heard in New York in a decade

The results have quite belied this pretentious claim. The season at the Metropolitan has been one of the dullest in years, while the Manhattan Opera House has been thronged at each performance by real music lovers eager to witness Campanini's masterly conducting and hear the splendid new voices which Mr. Hammerstein secured without difficulty in Europe in spite of Mr. Conried's wail that there were "no more singers to be had."

Mishkin, N. Y.
ELEANORE DE CISNEROS IN "MARTA"

Month after month during the present season these columns have recorded the major details of the opera war; and now that the season has run its wild, tuneful course, there can be no more profitable amusement than ruminating over its events and, incidentally, noting the few morals that it points.

It will be easily recalled that Oscar Hammerstein's grand opera scheme dropped out of a clear sky, and it fell upon unbelieving ears. He found himself with a large, uncompleted theatre on his hands about a year ago, and he decided, with courageous haste, that he would convert this building into an opera house and would give New York a season of grand opera at popular prices. But he thought better of this project, fortunately, and decided to instal an opera plant, to employ a very commercial phrase, that would rival the one at the Metropolitan Opera House. He went abroad, and the news of his engagements set skeptical heads on upper Broadway wigwagging. You had but to ask the time of day of a Rialto policeman and he would answer that Oscar Hammerstein's grand opera scheme would not and could not last; while among this manager's intimates there was abundant head-shaking and prophesying that if Oscar Hammerstein failed he would lose his entire fortune, as he had done once before in the Olympia venture. Then when the time for the opening of the Manhattan Opera House approached money was being wagered that this auditorium would never open, while the more cautious oracles advised placing bets that the season would not last a month. All these speculations proved false. Oscar Hammerstein has not only carried through his season of opera, but he has done it with considerable success, and he has breathed into the winter season of music a great deal of new interest.

There is one particular debt of gratitude which will take a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of the New York public to repay. Oscar Hammerstein has proven that the giving of grand opera here is not nearly so difficult nor impossible a project as Mr. Conried would have the vast audience of opera-goers believe. So now it has become possible to witness a performance of opera in New York without having one's brows wrinkled by the consternation of remembering how

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MME. GIANNINA RUSS

Mishkin, N. Y.
MARIO SAMMARCO AS VALENTINE IN "FAUST"

The guests were: — (1) Mrs. Vittorio Arimondi; (2) Hon. W. B. Guinness; (3) Mme. Pauline Donalda; (4) Sig. Mario Ancona; (5) Mme. Regina Pinkert; (6) Mme. Giannina Russ; (7) Sig. Amadeo Bassi; (8) Sig. Cleofonte Campanini; (9) Mme. Nellie Melba; (10) Mr. Oscar Hammerstein; (11) Mrs. Guinness; (12) Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald; (13) Sig. Mario Sammarco; (14) Mme. Lejeune-Gilibert; (15) Mons. Chas. Gilibert; (16) Mme. Eleanore de Cisneros; (17) Sig. Vittorio Arimondi; (18) Mme. Campanini; (19) Mr. Leslie Baker; (20) Sig. Gianoli-Galletti; (21) Dr. Wm. T. Bull; (22) Mr. Max Bendix; (23) Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein.

FAREWELL SUPPER GIVEN BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN TO MME. MELBA ON THE STAGE OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S UNIQUE AND TRADITIONAL FLAT-BRIMMED HAT IS SEEN HANGING ON THE CORNER OF THE SCREEN

awful are the difficulties, how heavy the burden. And, among the more discriminating ones, there exists a feeling of thankfulness to Oscar Hammerstein for having introduced to this community a lot of new singers who would not have been heard here, at least not in the near future. In addition, he has proved to the listening local world that a great Italian conductor is not a myth, but that he exists in the flesh and the very red blood. Campanini is the name of this conductor, and he has revived a great interest in Italian operas and has made many old-fashioned works sound alive with virility and climaxes. Certain it is that he has materially shored the American estimate of Verdi by having interpreted this master's earlier works in a rousing manner. Whatever Campanini has done he has always proven himself an earnest musician, possessed of tremendous magnetism. The orchestra under him was by no means an ideal one, but it sounded much better than it played, because of Campanini and because of the resonance of this auditorium. To Campanini a very great share of the success of this season's Manhattan opera is due. He has toiled incessantly, and his enthusiasm and energy seem to have known no reasonable bounds.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI

The Italian conductor to whose masterly baton has been largely due the success of the first season of the Manhattan Opera House

Melba proved a great success in this resounding auditorium, and Bonci impressed the listeners by his artistic handling of a naturally rather saccharine voice. Sammarco, on the other hand, displayed a voice that for sheer beauty and evenness of tone scarcely has had its equal here, and Bassi is the youthful possessor of a voice that is impressive at present, but is golden in its possibilities. But to catalogue the virtues of all the artists of this aggregation would consume too much space, and they have been bespoken in detail during the course of the season, so let a mention suffice to call them to mind: Bressler-Gianoli, a wonderful Carmen; Dalmores, a remarkable exhibition of that extinct race—the French tenor; Pinkert, possessed of great agility; Gilibert, an artist of manifold operatic virtues; Arimondi, an admirable bass; Donalda, Seveilhac, Ancona, Renaud, Russ and Calvé. This list is made up at random. The men singers presented a far greater strength than did the weaker vocal sex, but this lapse is to be corrected in another year, it is promised. Calvé did not make her appearance until near the close of the season, and she proved rather a severe disappointment. Her vocal art stands in no flattering comparison to her former greatness, and her acting is to-day devoid of the finer points that made it memorable and that made slaves of her audiences.

To resume the praise of the Manhattan company, the chorus heard here was most admirable, having been thoroughly drilled and having been recruited out of fresh voices. The costumes were good and the stage settings were adequate. The principal feature of most of the performances was that there were swing and movement to them. Familiar works sounded new because of the careful and artistic guidance of Campanini's baton and because of the verve of the singers.

A second season of grand opera is promised and planned at the Manhattan Opera House, and the best of this year's singers are to be retained, while some important additions are to be made, such as Nordica and Schumann-Heink, which means the inclusion of German opera at this house next season. But even more important than this is the engagement of the American singer,

Mishkin, N. Y.
AMADEO BASSI AS FAUST

Mary Garden, who has been at the Paris Opéra Comique for several years and who has been highly praised. Her engagement means that New York is really to see some important Paris Opéra Comique productions, transplanted to West Thirty-fourth street, and the operas to be produced are Charpentier's "Louise" and Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande."

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SIGNOR ANCONA
In "I Puritani"

So Oscar Hammerstein has topsy-turvied operatic wiseacres and has spilt nearly all prophecies. Whether his enterprise has been financially successful is a matter which does not concern us here and which seems not to concern Oscar Hammerstein, who boasts that he wishes not to make a dollar out of his enterprise.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the eighteen-week season has been far from exciting. The one great artistic success, Richard Strauss' "Salome," turned out to be a sensation—the directors of the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company requesting politely but very firmly that this work be taken off the boards of the Metropolitan, and Mr. Conried acceding to their demands. Apart from all ethics of the case or of "Salome" the universal opinion was that it was a stunning production. Fremstad was superbly artistic in it, as was Burrian; and Alfred Hertz, the conductor, covered himself with great glory because of the tremendous and effective interpretation he gave of this work.

Then there was another popular success, and that was "Madam Butterfly," which work took firm hold of the public because of its beauties. "Fédora" was a failure here; the public refused also to wax enthusiastic over the stage version of Berlioz' "La Damnation de Faust"; a great revival of "L'Africaine" fell perfectly flat; "Lakmé" was not made to shine, and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was accepted with reasonable grace.

Most of the new singers introduced proved disappointments. Geraldine Farrar did not creat a furor here, as had been predicted; and while Cavalieri pleased in certain quarters, even her most enthusiastic of admirers must admit that she is a singer of great limitations and that the Metropolitan is a very large place for her to sing at and in. Burrian, the new German tenor, proved a very good musician and a capable actor, but he did not meet with wholesale approval; while Rousselière, the French tenor, promised at first to be useful, but later exhibited his shortcomings quite frankly. Stracciari, a new Italian baritone, proved wobbly, and Boninsegna, an Italian dramatic soprano, was distinctly lacking in what constitutes greatness according to the standards of the Metropolitan audience. Bovy, the most recent importation in French conductors, was conventional and painstaking, but little else.

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DALMORES AS DON JOSE

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EMMA CALVE AS CARMEN

Photos Mishkin
MLLE. DAZIE
Première Danseuse

MLLE. LEJEUNE
In "Don Giovanni"

Copyright Mishkin, N. Y.
SIGNOR ARIMONDI
As Mephistopheles

MLLE. TRENTINI
As Musetta

SIG. GIANOLI-GALLETTI
In "Fra Diavolo"

FRANK MOULAN AND THE LOTUS BUDS IN "THE GRAND MOGUL" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

With the exception of Boninsegna, all of the above-mentioned artists have been engaged for next season.

What is the deduction to be arrived at by this flying in the face of public approval? Does not Mr. Conried care whether or not he presents good artists to the public? Geraldine Farrar certainly deserves to be brought back, for she is a woman of great artistic promise; and Burrian is an artistic German tenor, despite the fact that his voice is not pleasing to most listeners—but what about the rest? In addition, Mr. Conried appears to have shown the weakness of his operatic hand by attempting to engage a number of Mr. Hammerstein's successful artists. It is positively known that he engaged Bonci—although the final outcome of this contract must be settled in court, as Oscar Hammerstein claims he has Bonci under contract for next season. But it is rumored that the Metropolitan management attempted to lure away Campaini, Dalmores, Gilibert, Bassi and Sammarco. Does not this look like an admission that Hammerstein knows where to get good singers, while Conried does not, and that the latter has to depend upon the former to unearth great artists for him? For quite a long time we have heard the complaint that such a thing as a good French tenor was impossible to find—it simply did not exist. And we had sense enough to argue that if it did not exist, then it could not be produced. But Mr. Hammerstein takes a flying trip across the water and brings back with him the French tenor Dalmores, who has proved to be one of the best singers of

(*Continued on page xvi.*)

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI SINGING *THE MILITARY MAN* IN "THE GRAND MOGUL"

Count Tolstoi on Shakespeare

COUNT TOLSTOI recently astonished the world by a vigorous onslaught on Shakespeare. The Russian philosopher denies that the plays are great and writes an interesting essay to prove his case. The book is published with the very unusual announcement that "no rights are reserved." The distinguished Russian contributes it to the world free. Tolstoi's manner of expression is absolutely clear and his discussion of the English poet, we may say the *great* English poet, for he has not been demolished yet, is logical and sincere. Much that he says is obviously true. The casual reader sees certain blemishes at once and the student of Shakespeare realizes them, while he recognizes the peculiar distinction of the great dramatist. He was technically a great artist, and while Tolstoi attacks him on the technical side, Shakespeare's proficiency and initiative in the art is so striking to the student of him that Tolstoi could be worsted, as to the general and specific mastery of Shakespeare, in any encounter with any man who understands technique. There are a dozen or more of Shakespeare's plays that are technically very slipshod. Innumerable faults could be pointed out in some of his plays, but they belong to the superabundance of his energies. The volume is disfigured with an impertinent and ridiculous short essay or letter from Bernard Shaw, who appears in a very dim light under the same cover with such a logical and sincere man as the Russian thinker. A few extracts from the book, which is a small one, will indicate its character.

LEO TOLSTOI

"My disagreement with the established opinion about Shakespeare is not the result of an accidental frame of mind, nor of a light-minded attitude toward the matter, but is the outcome of many years' repeated and insistent endeavors to harmonize my own views of Shakespeare with those established amongst all civilized men of the Christian world.

"I remember the astonishment I felt when I first read Shakespeare. I expected to receive a powerful esthetic pleasure, but having read, one after the other, works regarded as his best, 'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth,' not only did I feel no delight, but I felt an irresistible repulsion and tedium, and doubted as to whether I was senseless in feeling works regarded as the summit of perfection by the whole of the civilized world to be trivial and positively bad, or whether the significance which this civilized world attributes to the works of Shakespeare was itself senseless. My consternation was increased by the fact that I always keenly felt the beauties of poetry in every form; then why should artistic works recognized by the whole world as those of a genius,—the works of Shakespeare,—not only fail to please me, but be disagreeable to me? For a long time I could not believe in myself, and during fifty years, in order to test myself, I several times recommenced reading Shakespeare in every possible form, in Russian, in English, in German and in Schlegel's translation, as I was advised. Several times I read the dramas and the comedies and historical plays, and I invariably underwent the same feelings: repulsion, weariness, and bewilderment. At the present time, before writing this preface, being desirous once more to test myself, I have, as an old man of seventy-five, again read the whole of Shakespeare, including the historical plays, the 'Henrys,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'The Tempest,' 'Cymbeline,' and I have felt, with even greater force, the same feelings,—this time, however, not of bewilderment, but of firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of a great genius which Shakespeare enjoys, and which compels writers of our time to imitate him, and the readers and spectators to discover in him non-existent merits,—thereby distorting their esthetic and ethical understanding,—is a great evil, as is every untruth.

"Although I know that the majority of people so firmly believe in the greatness of Shakespeare that in reading this judgment of mine they will not admit even the possibility of its justice, and will not give it the slightest attention, nevertheless I will endeavor, as well as I can, to show why I believe that Shakespeare can not be recognized either as a great genius, or even as an average author. For illustration of my purpose I will take one of Shakespeare's most extolled dramas, 'King Lear,' in the enthusiastic praise of which the majority of critics agree."

From London *Sketch*

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

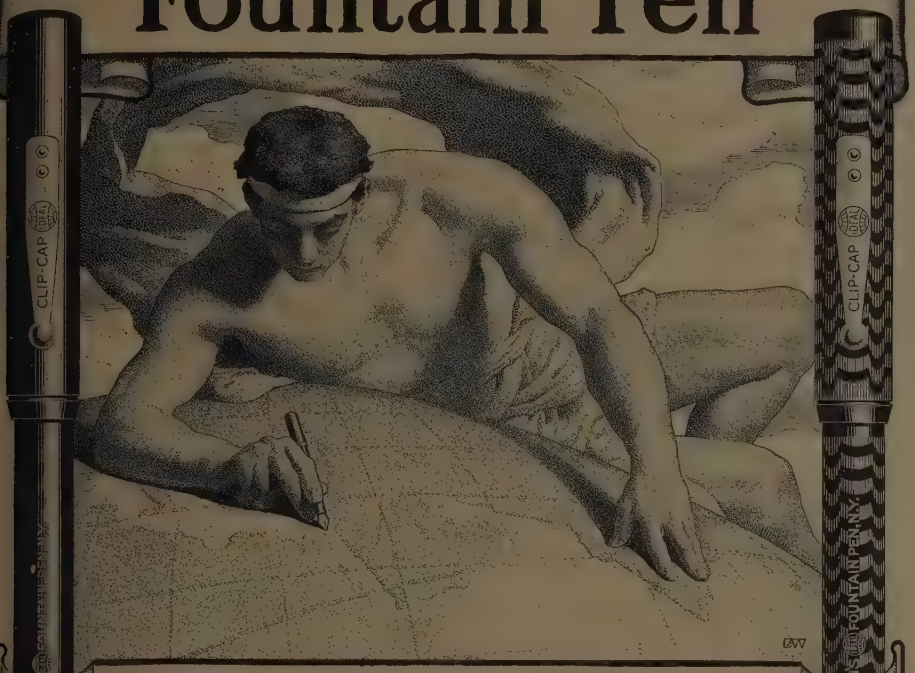
This painting, the authenticity of which is doubted in some quarters, is the property of the Misses Ludgate, of the Bridgewater Arms, Winston, England, and it is said to have been in possession of the family for five or six generations. The picture shows a man with budding mustache and a head of thick, dark, curly hair. He is wearing a crimson-velvet slashed doublet, and a falling collar of transparent lace. In the upper corners of the panel, in white letters, is the inscription, "ae svae [ætatis suæ] 24, 1588," and on the back are the letters "W. Xs." The pose of the head is like that of what is known as the "Welcombe" portrait, owned by Sir George Trevelyan, and painted when Shakespeare was forty-six. It will be remembered that Shakespeare in 1588 was twenty-four years of age, and that he only left Stratford for London about a year previous to this date. An ancestor of the Misses Ludgate was formerly headkeeper at Ashridge Castle, the estate of Lord Brownlow, near Great Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, but the portrait came into their possession from the family of their mother, who was a Miss Smith, of Grafton Regis, Northamptonshire. Several years ago it was exhibited at a Shakespearian celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, but it was not considered of much value until it was seen by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the art critic, two months ago

Count Tolstoi then proceeds to give a description of the play, and after dissecting it from every possible standpoint he goes on to say:

"Such is this celebrated drama. However absurd it may appear in my rendering (which I have endeavored to make as impartial as possible), I may confidently say that in the original it is yet more absurd. For any man of our time — if he were not under the hypnotic suggestion that this drama is the height of perfection—it would be enough to read it to its end (were he to have sufficient patience for this) to be convinced that far from being the height of perfection, it is a very bad, carelessly composed production, which, if it could have been of interest to a certain public at a certain time, cannot evoke among us anything but aversion and weariness. Every reader of our time, who is free from the influence of suggestion, will also receive exactly the same impression from all the other extolled dramas of Shakespeare, not to mention the senseless dramatized tales, 'Pericles,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'The Tempest,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Troilus and Cressida.' But such free-minded individuals, not inoculated with Shakespeare worship, are no longer to be found in our Christian society. Every man of our society and time, from the first period of his conscious life, has

(*Continued on page vii.*)

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



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My Beginnings

(*Continued from page 137*)

kept his promise. But I am glad I had those tumultuous times. I have been grateful for every hard rap from fate I have ever had. "Hard knocks" develop the mental and moral muscle of a man. He needs plenty of them to knock him into manly shape.

An actor came to me recently with a letter from an acquaintance out west, asking that I help him to get an engagement. From the minute I came into the room, shook hands and said, "What have you done?" he posed insufferably.

"For God's sake, man, be natural," I said to him. "If you go to managers in that way they'll throw you out of their offices."

This would have awakened a man that had the right stuff in him. It dashed this fellow for a moment, but only a moment. He hadn't any man stuff in him. He was hopeless.

Earnestness and sincerity, determination, enough self-esteem to make him hold to what he feels to be artistically right, and willingness to learn, are what, in my opinion, an actor most needs.

His greatest aids are mingling with the best people he can, persons who are mentally superior to him, and absorbing their views and wisdom, and in reading. Reading the best books if he can, and if he can't get them, reading something. Even a dime novel may have something in it for him.

Such acquaintance and such reading have the effect of broadening a man, and whatever broadens a man deepens his value in his profession. This is the direct and greatest benefit he derives. Incidentally there is much profit to him in knowing all types. Has he dined with a railroad magnate? He is more liable to play the part of a railroad magnate well. Has he read a strong study of a miser, he is more apt to play well the rôle of a miser.

A man who portrays life cannot know too much of his subject.

The Busy Age and the Drama

The vast majority of playgoers in a busy age like ours have neither leisure nor taste to witness the effusions of the holiest genius of modern dramatists. They must be awakened into admiration by something new, and strange, and surprising; and the more remote from their daily thoughts and habits, the more fantastical and daring the effort, the more it will please, because the more will it rouse them.—*Nachrichten.*

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Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digestive machinery—also tends to form cakes in the cecum. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix.)

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She says: "Five years ago while at school, I suffered terribly with constipation and indigestion." (Too much starch, white bread, potatoes, etc., which she did not digest.)

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(A little Grape-Nuts dissolved in hot water or milk would have been much better for this case than milk alone, for the starchy part of the wheat and barley is changed into a form of digestible sugar in making Grape-Nuts.) Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." * * *

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Count Tolstoi on Shakespeare

(Continued from page 142.)

een inoculated with the idea that Shakespeare is genius, a poet, and a dramatist, and that all his ritings are the height of perfection. Yet, however hopeless it may seem, I will endeavor to emonstrate in the selected drama—'King Lear'—all those faults equally characteristic, also of all ne other tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare, n account of which he not only is not representng a model of dramatic art, but does not satisfy ne most elementary demands of art recognized y all.

"Dramatic art, according to the laws established y those very critics who extol Shakespeare, demands that the persons represented in the play hould be, in consequence of actions proper to heir characters, and owing to a natural course f events, placed in positions requiring them to truggle with the surrounding world to which hey find themselves in opposition, and in this truggle should display their inherent qualities. n "King Lear" the persons represented are ineed placed externally in opposition to the outvard world, and they struggle with it. But their trife does not flow from the natural course of vents nor from their own characters, but is quite rbitrarily established by the author, and therefore cannot produce on the reader the illusion hich represents the essential condition of art.

"Lear has no necessity or motive for his abdiation; also, having lived all his life with his aughters, has no reason to believe the words of he two elders and not the truthful statement of he youngest; yet upon this is built the whole ragedy of his position. Similarly unnatural is he subordinate action: the relation of Gloster o his sons. The positions of Gloster and Edgar flow from the circumstance that Gloster, ust like Lear, immediately believes the coarsest ntruth and does not even endeavor to inquire of is injured son whether what he is accused of be rue, but at once curses and banishes him. The act that Lear's relations with his daughters are he same as those of Gloster to his sons makes ne feel yet more strongly that in both cases the elations are quite arbitrary, and do not flow from he characters nor the natural course of events. Equally unnatural, and obviously invented, is the act that all through the tragedy Lear does not ecognize his old courtier, Kent, and therefore he relations between Lear and Kent fail to excite he sympathy of the reader or spectator. The ame, in a yet greater degree, holds true of the osition of Edgar, who, unrecognized by anyone, eads his blind father and persuades him that he as leapt off a cliff, when in reality Gloster umps on level ground. These positions, into hich the characters are placed quite arbitrarily, re so unnatural that the reader or spectator is nable not only to sympathize with their sufferngs, but even to be interested in what he reads r sees.

"Secondly, in this, as in the other dramas of hakespeare, all the characters live, think, speak, nd act quite unconformably with the given time nd place. The action of 'King Lear' takes place oo years B.C., and yet the characters are placed n conditions possible only in the Middle Ages: articipating in the dramas are kings, dukes, arnies, and illegitimate children, and gentlemen, ourtiers, doctors, farmers, officers, soldiers, and nights with visors, etc. It is possible that such nachronisms (with which Shakespeare's dramas bound) did not injure the possibility of illusion n the sixteenth century and the beginning of the eventeenth, but in our time it is no longer posible to follow with interest the development of vents which one knows could not take place in he conditions which the author describes in deail. The artificiality of the positions, not flowing rom the natural course of events, or from the ature of the characters, and their want of conormity with time and space, is further increased y those coarse embellishments which are conually added by Shakespeare and intended to ppear particularly touching. The extraordinary torm during which King Lear roams about the eath, or the grass which for some reason he puts n his head—like Ophelia in 'Hamlet'—or Edgar's ttire, or the fool's speeches, or the appearance f the helmeted horseman, Edgar—all these efects not only fail to enhance the impression, but roduce an opposite effect. 'Man sieht die Absicht und man wird verstimmt,' as Goethe says. t often happens that even during these obviously ntentional efforts after effect, as, for instance, the ragging out by the legs of half a dozen corpses, ith which all Shakespeare's tragedies terminate, nstead of feeling fear and pity, one is tempted ather to laugh."

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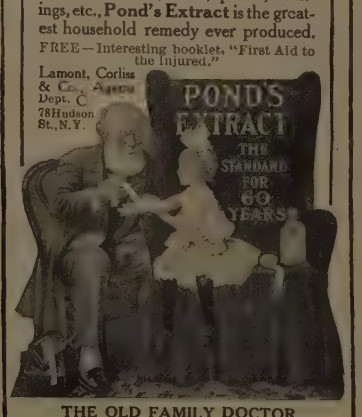

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

The Evolution of a Dramatist

(*Continued from page 131*)

accepted 'The Garden of Lies,' and it was ready for production when Mr. Miller said to me: 'Great Heavens, Broadhurst, your name has always been associated with farces. You'll have to change your name on the program.' I refused, and 'The Garden of Lies' was not produced. A play which I had written for Henrietta Crosman, and which her husband had accepted, Miss Crosman sent back with one line: 'I want a play by a playwright, not a farceur.'"

That persistence in the course of serious plays was the way of wisdom, it needs but a glance at the Broadhurst productions for next year to attest. "The Man of the Hour" will be played by three, possibly four, companies. There will be a serious play for Blanche Walsh. Another is in the hands of Charles Frohman for production. "The Wrong Mr. Wright" will be seen in musical comedy dress as "The Lady from Lane's." A play for Nat C. Goodwin is half finished. And there are two others of which I shall not now speak. After next season, if the muse of farce woos him, he will be free to return to his old mistress. He has proven that the serious drama is also his own.

Which was the real George Broadhurst? The funny man or the grave? Thirsting for information, I asked him.

"The serious man," he answered. "The fun is merely the drapery."

Nebulous is Mr. Broadhurst in the matter of method. "I haven't any fixed methods," he said. "Sometimes I write two-thirds of the day. At others I don't touch a play for two months. The only certainty is that I do most of my writing, certainly my best, at night."

Was Mr. George Broadhurst, then, a moody man, at least a man of moods? A smiling nod confessed the impeachment. But then the man without moods cannot write a play.

"I wrote 'The Man of the Hour' in six weeks, and 'What Happened to Jones' in four. On the other hand 'The Mills of the Gods' has been in my mind for four years. I wrote it before 'The Man of the Hour.' I always start with a proposition. I learned that in my student days at playwriting in Chicago, when I used to go to Hooley's, now the Powers Theatre, on Monday nights, see the first act, which was the proposition of the play, and then go home and work it out, supplying my own development of scenes and dialogue. The last of the week I would go to see how my rough play compared with their finished one.

"Sometimes the two almost coincided. Sometimes they were as far apart as the Russians and the Japanese. But it was educational. I acquired one habit of playwriting which was that the proposition is the thing. Dialogue is a mere afterincident. It has always been easy for me.

"What is your aim?"

"To do good work."

"You have done that."

"Then to do better work."

He looked so amazingly boyish when he rose from the chair, while we were making our adieus, that I dared to ask him for his recipe for youth prolonged. He gave it with a smile, willingly, a little pityingly, because a woman asked it.

"Plenty of sleep," said he. "I don't care when I sleep. Day will do as well as night, but by means of double darkened windows I get from nine to twelve hours' sleep as I need them. And I never worry."

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"Pilgrim's Progress" Dramatized

A dramatized version of the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has just been played in London for a hospital fund. The dramatization, says the *Evening Post*, was done by Mrs. W. Hadley and Miss E. Ouless, who kept strictly to the words of the book in the scenes chosen for representation. A representative of Bunyan declaimed the latter part of the introductory "apology" and the whole of the epilogue; and a good many of the incidents were shown in tableaux, such as the wicket gate, the removal of Christian's burden, the arming of Christian, the martyrdom of Faithful, the River of Death, and the Celestial City. These were arranged by Mr. Frank Dicksee, and were very picturesque. The scenes in which dialogue occurred were the City of Destruction, the Valley of Humiliation (with a combat with Apollyon), Vanity Fair, and the Delectable Mountains. The part of Christian is said to have been played with wonderful success. The parts of Faithful and Hopeful were both given to ladies. As Miss Crosman is to play Christian here before long, this report is not without special interest.

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Where Shakespeare Set His Stage

(*Continued from page 121.*)

ently meaningless words have in reality an odd derivation. The first three, an old ballad refrain need no explanation, but the last are also from an old ballad, according to Steevens, who had the account from an old gentleman who could repeat but a portion of it. One stanza of this old ballad, written on some battle fought in France, ran as follows:

"Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly."

The explanation is that the French king, during this battle, was unwilling to allow his son, the dauphin (dolphin) to cross swords with various champions as they appeared, lest he should be killed; hence, he was continually inventing a fresh excuse why the young prince should not attack each one in turn. The "sessa" is supposed to be a corruption of the French "cessez," or cease.

In Scene V we are again in Gloster's castle, and Edmund betrays his father to the Duke of Cornwall. Scene VI, a chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle, where Gloster comes and warns Kent to save the king's life by hurrying him away to Dover, and the seventh scene in Gloster's castle, where his eyes are put out, are frequently omitted now when the play is produced.

Act IV opens on the heath again, but this time not far from Dover, possibly on the Chalk Downs. The founding of the town of Dover is attributed to the Romans, and there are both Roman and Saxon towers now standing. In the old castle is a church built during the Roman period, and save for the roof, almost unchanged, while in the armory is a floor about one thousand years old and still in an admirable state of preservation.

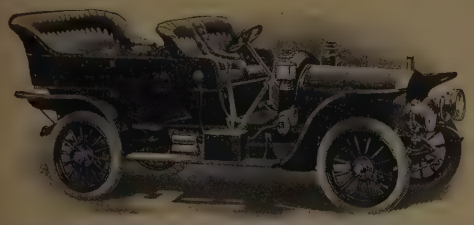
Towards the "cliff whose high and bending head looks fearfully to the confin'd deep," poor blinded Gloster begs his disguised son Edgar whom he believes merely a passing stranger, to conduct him. "Bring me but to the very brink of it," he says, "and I'll repair the misery thou dost bear with something rich about me; from that place I shall no leading need." For this reason it is safe to conclude that they are not far from the cliff, since the old blinded earl would hardly have set out to walk across half England to throw himself from a cliff, but would have found some easier way of ending his life. Scene II is before the Duke of Albany's palace, where he and his wife Goneril have an explanation of their real feelings for each other. Albany is horrified by her successive acts, declares that she is "n worth the dust which the rude wind blows in her face. Goneril retorts by calling him a "milk-liver'd man," and "vain fool!" She has already laid her plans to marry Edmund, if only she can rid herself of her husband.

The third scene is laid in the camp of the French king, near Dover, as is the fourth; the fifth again in Gloster's castle, the sixth in the country near Dover, where Edgar appears, leading his father, as the latter supposes, to the cliff now known as "Shakespeare's Cliff."

"How fearful and dizzy 'tis," says Edgar of this cliff, with which he was evidently familiar. "Half way down hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head; the fishermen that walk upon the beach appear like mice; the murmuring surge that on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes cannot be heard so high."

In Smith's history of Waterford, published in 1774, samphire is spoken of as "growing in great plenty on most of the sea cliffs in this country," and the remark is made that "it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were, in the air." That Dover Cliff was a especial place for gathering this samphire is shown by Drayton in his "Polyolbion," where he says: "Rob Dover's neighboring cleeves of samphire, to excite his dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite." The plant, as may be judged from this, was and is used by the natives as a kind of pickle or salad.

Edgar does not, of course, take his father to the brink of the cliff, but bids him leap when they are on level ground, and the blind man falls unharmed, still fancying that he has taken his terrible plunge, only to escape uninjured for some miraculous reason. Lear, now quite mad, appears. Gloster recognizes his voice, and begs to kiss his hand. Lear is not too mad to perceive that his old friend is blind, and bids him: "Get thee glass eyes; and like a scurvy politician, seem to see the things thou dost not." In the seventh scene Lear is in the tent of the French camp fondly tended by his loving daughter Cordelia



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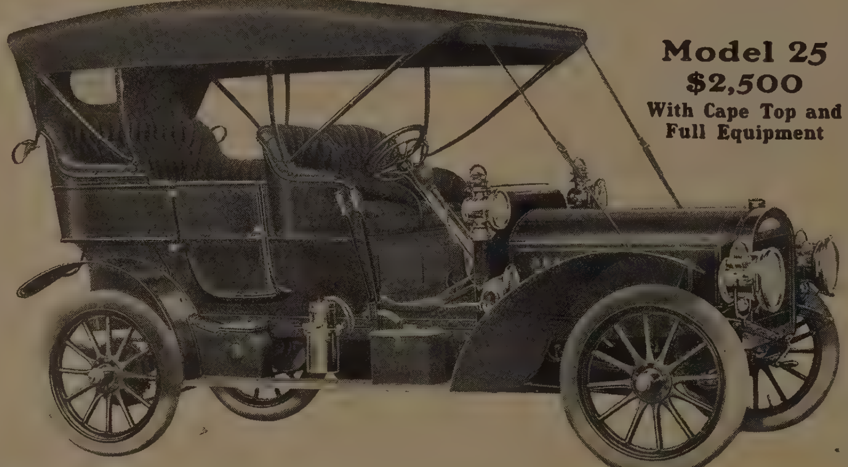

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whose "voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in women."

Act V opens in the camp of the British forces. Scene II is laid in a field between the two rival camps; Scene III again in the British camp, where Lear and Cordelia are brought as prisoners. The French king was not with his army, he had been summoned back to France by "something he left imperfect in the state." His absence may account for the daring of Edmund in ordering the royal prisoner's death, although he tells the Duke of Albany that he has sent "the old and miserable king to some retention," and continues: "With him I sent the queen—and they are ready to-morrow, or at further space, to appear where you shall hold your session." But Albany orders Edmund's arrest on the charge of treason, arrests Goneril, and gives his wife scorn for scorn. Goneril has already poisoned her sister, who is beginning to feel the effects. The herald sounds a trumpet, challenging anyone to appear against Edmund, who hotly denies the charge of treason, and the disguised Edgar appears and kills him, but not before, in sudden repentance, the wretched Edmund tries to save the lives of Lear and Cordelia. But the messenger instantly dispatched, arrives too late to save the queen. Cordelia has been hanged, and is brought in in her old father's arms; Goneril and Regan are also dead, one of her sisters poison the other by her own hand.

In spite of the tragedy of Cordelia's fate, there is yet some justice rendered. Albany declares that "what comfort to this great decay (the poor weak-minded king) may come, shall be applied; for us, we will resign, during the life of this old majesty to him our absolute power," for with the death of Cornwall earlier in the play, and of Goneril and Regan without heirs, Albany might well consider himself lord of all the former realm of King Lear. Edgar and Kent are restored to their "rights, with boot, and such addition" as they "have more than merited; all friends shall taste the wages of their virtue, and all foes the cup of their deservings." Nevertheless, Albany may well remark that "our present business is general woe," and the curtain falls on an atmosphere of gloom.

Johnson seriously objects to this ending. He considers the "extrusion of Gloster's eyes" an "act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition," and says further that "Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles." Tate altered the play to give Cordelia success and happiness, a proceeding for which, as most of us would think he deserved, he was blamed by *The Spectator*. It is true that old historians say that Cordelia and her army were victorious in the battle, and that she replaced her father on his throne, but in a later battle, after his death, when Goneril and Regan's sons fought against her, she was taken prisoner, and died in prison. Geoffrey of Monmouth in his account had her kill herself.

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How Duse Spends the Day

A correspondent of a London journal writes: "Mme. Eleonora Duse has arrived in Vienna by the Nice express. She is attended by two faithful maids who invariably accompany her all over Europe, and who steadfastly keep off even the most pertinacious of Vienna reporters, who, in pursuit of news, are very little, if at all, behind their colleagues of New York. Mme. Duse lives very quietly here, as indeed she does wherever she may be. She rises early, generally before seven o'clock, and spends most of the morning in reading and answering her voluminous correspondence, a good deal of the replying being done by telegram. If the post does not take up all the time before lunch, the tragedienne slips out of a back door opening on to the Maximilianstrasse, directly out of the passage leading to her rooms, and has a short incognito stroll. The time between 11:30 and 12:30 is devoted to giving her maids instructions concerning her toilettes, which are contained in no fewer than thirty-five trunks, which have a large room to themselves. In the afternoon she sees the members of her company—gives them hints and lessons, so that a sort of piecemeal rehearsal goes on for an hour or two. An hour before the play begins, however, everybody is turned out, and Mme. Duse takes a little perfect rest, during which nothing and nobody is allowed to disturb her."

Mr. Shaw on the Actor-Manager

If my own father were an actor-manager, and his life depended on his getting favorable notices of his performance, I should orphan myself without an instant's hesitation if he acted badly. I am by no means the willing victim of this instinct.—*Mr. Bernard Shaw in his reprinted criticisms.*

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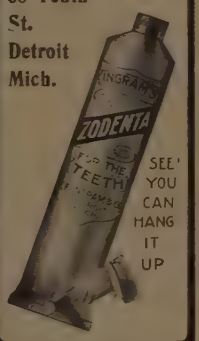

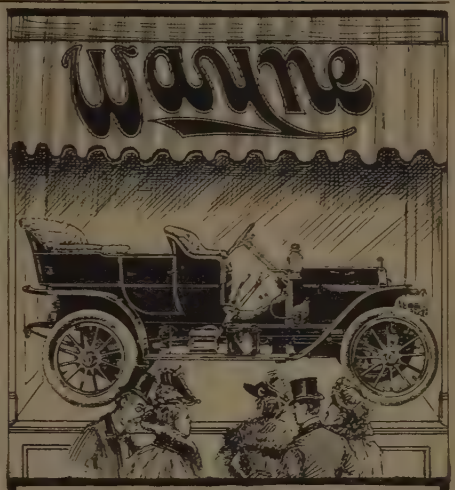

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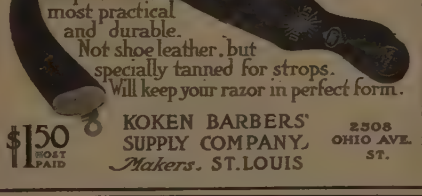

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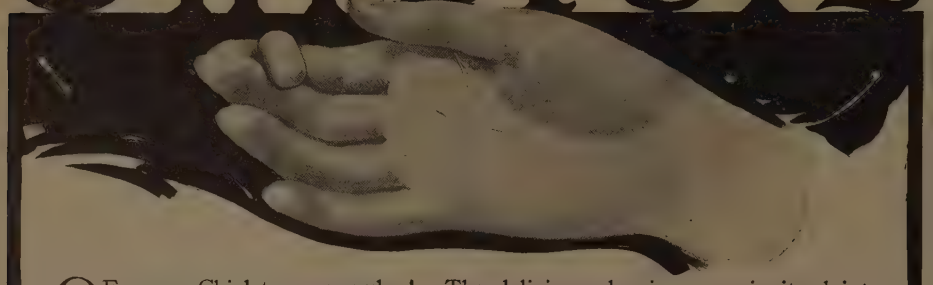

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is characteristic of Riker preparations in its distinctly superior quality and natural purity. Violet Cerate is not an oil or grease, like many creams sold for toilet uses, but is an absolutely pure, snow-white skin food and tissue builder which feeds and nourishes the skin and tissues, removing wrinkles, freckles, blackheads and other facial blemishes; making the flesh firm and the complexion clear, fresh and beautiful. No preparation is so important to women who value their complexion. In porcelain jars 50c.

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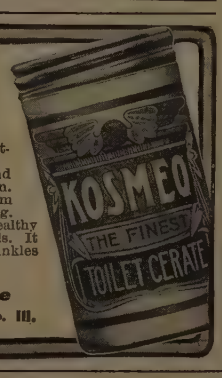

Richest Woman on the Stage

(*Continued from page 122.*)

Mrs. Lewis were talked about for weeks afterwards, and her invitations became much sought after. In the midst of it all, one might say, despite all this magnificence, Fanny Ward Lewis was unsatisfied. Something was lacking in her life. Then her little daughter, Dorothy, was born, and Sir Thomas Freake and the Countess Stava were its god-parents. For a while motherhood, added to the routine of society, kept her mind from the one great passion of her life. It returned again, however, and one night, as she and her husband were returning home from some entertainment, the people were just coming out of the theatres.

"What is it?" asked her husband. "What is it that is lacking? Shall we have more homes? Shall I give you more jewels? Do you care to travel? What could make you happier?"

"I would give them all for a little dressing room in the theatre," replied the wife.

That night it was decided that she should return to the stage. She played a successful engagement of eighteen months in "A Night Off," and later was a member of the cast that presented Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers" for the first time in England. Other engagements followed, but she never left London. Last autumn she felt a desire to return to America, and renewing the acquaintance of a manager aboard ship, she listened to his proposal that she join Mr. Bellew.

Asked to make some statement in regard to America and British theatricals and society, and to make some comparisons between them, she said: "Americans have doubtless noticed that a very great dramatic success in London usually fails in America. It is caused by the same conditions that render American successes such colossal failures in London. This matter does not arise from any deep-seated prejudice, but it does foster that prejudice, at least in America. It all comes about through the differences of understanding and the dissimilarity of customs. I know positively that Londoners do not resent anything American, whether it be dramatic or otherwise. The good play that is understood over there will receive a cordial welcome and liberal patronage. It is the same thing in English society. I know that American women are received with open arms by their British sisters; and, if not, the fault lies with the women themselves, and not with any supposed prejudice about which we all hear so much." ARCHIE BELL.

Actor, Manager and Critic

Frederick F. Schrader has in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, noted for its beautiful illustrations, an article on "Critics and Players," and starts out with the question: "Should the critic meet the actor, the manager, the producer?" This is almost as important as the celebrated controversy which agitated the nation a year ago, "Should a bricklayer be polite to his hod carrier?" It is really a hard matter to determine whether a critic should meet the actor and the manager. It is probably safer to meet them personally, as envelopes are not always to be trusted to intermediate hands, yet certain high-minded critics do not consider it good form to receive an envelope directly from the hand of a manager or actor. They are as particular as the honest policeman, who said that he had never taken money from any man, but that his envelope was always left where he could get it, or he closed up the place. No, it is better that the critic should not meet the actor or the manager. The very best way to protect the moral nature of a critic is for his office to lock him in the telephone box during a play and let him hear it over the wire. Or if he has to meet the actor or manager, a polite way of preserving purity of morals is to send a policeman with him, with some one to watch the policeman. These little precautions will enable any newspaper to keep their critic perfectly pure and give to the public unbiased opinions as to the stage. Joking aside, however (a joke should always be tagged), such things should be left to the individual critic If they can not be left with him, he should be fired on general principles. A man who will have his judgment affected by meeting an actor or manager had better retire to the mountains or to a summer garden. Even where there is friendship, a man is not obligated to praise the bad play or the bad acting of a friend. On the contrary, he does well to speak of the faults, as they will be found out anyhow. Mr. Schrader takes a sensible view of the matter. His idea is that a critic should express the sum of impressions and not dwell on minor faults, and that he should not be chary about meeting the people whom he criticises.—*Houston, Texas, Post.*

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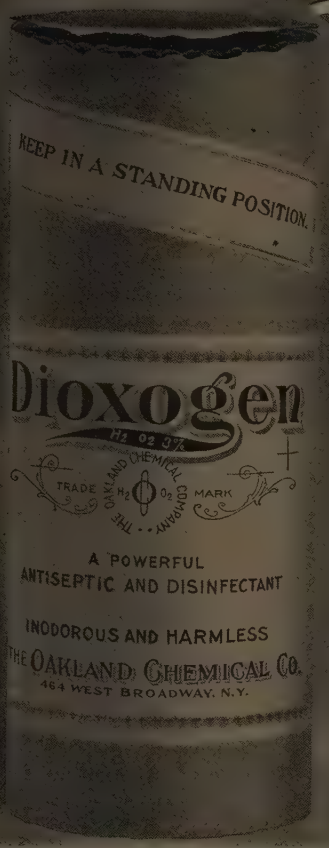

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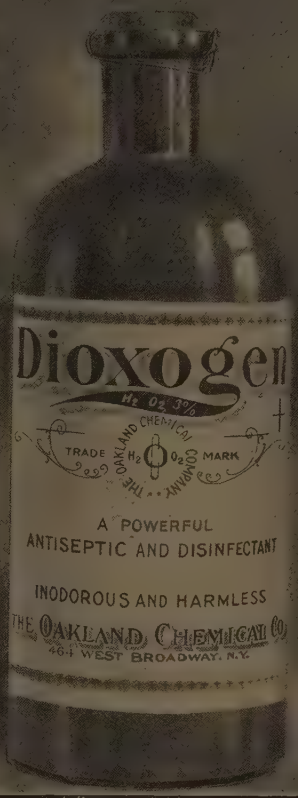

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N. B.—The following issues, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Dec., 1901, being entirely out of print, are not sold separately any more, and can only be supplied in the complete bound book.

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Yours truly,

ELLEN TERRY

BUCHAN'S is the only **ABSOLUTELY** Pure Soap

The Lesson of the Opera Season

(*Continued from page 141.*)

his class heard in New York in the last decade. Why had not Mr. Conried heard of Dalmores? Why had not the Metropolitan management imported Campanini? Had they ever heard of him, or were the musical agents of Dalmores and Campanini rival concerns to the ones from whom the Metropolitan management drew its forces?

These are not impertinent questions at all, but they are the queries that pose themselves to the wondering mind which marvels at the dearth of good in the foreign importations of the one opera house, while finding a vocal fill of virtues at the rival house. This article is not intended to convey the impression that Oscar Hammerstein has imported all successes—for he showed some weaknesses in his women singers—but Mr. Conried has been over-fond of employing the excuse, when confronted with the shortcomings of some of his new acquisitions, that "there are no others to be had." Mr. Hammerstein has disproven all this, not in theory but in fact, and his venture has taken a great glamour of difficulty off the entire game of grand opera. Of course, it is a difficult and a foolhardy business to try to present grand opera to a fickle public—but it is not so impossible as Mr. Conried would have had us all believe.

What have become of Mr. Conried's earlier promises about the ideal grand opera he was going to present at the Metropolitan, about the abolishing of the "star" system inaugurated successfully by the late Maurice Grau? The Metropolitan Opera House is to-day more completely under the reign of "stars" than ever it was, and is it possible that Mr. Conried can believe the past season to have been one of ideal opera?

Arturo Vigna, the Italian conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, has just resigned his post, and is not to return next season. In one of his explanations of his act he states that certain forces or people have made it impossible for him to continue his artistic activities at the Metropolitan. Does Mr. Conried know what these forces are, or who these people are? Has this subject been sifted to the bottom by Mr. Conried? Does Mr. Vigna make charges, and, if so, does the management mean not to answer them?

Again, these are not impertinent questions, but they seem important ones at present. Mr. Conried is physically not a happy man at present, and his condition merits sympathy; but the world is ruthless in its hurry, and the public that pays so liberally for its grand opera as does the New York public is unreasonable in its demands. The past season has been the first one in which the present management of the Metropolitan Opera House has met any real competition, and it must be confessed in all honesty that it has not come out of the fray with a great deal to its artistic credit.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity has made it famous."

Zola Successfully Staged

A correspondent writes to the London *World* from Paris: "The greatest artistic event of the week has been the production of 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret' at the Odéon. Some doubt had been expressed as to whether M. Antoine was not risking a good deal in producing in these troubled times of religious conflict a work dealing with the life of a priest, wherein the main dramatic interest was centered upon the priest's sin. But so thoroughly artistic has been M. Alfred Bruneau's dramatization of Zola's most poetic work, and so skillfully has the manager of the Odéon staged the play, that one loses sight of the material side of the question only to be charmed by the beautiful rendering of an idyl. M. Bruneau's incidental music, executed by an orchestra and choir of a hundred members under the leadership of M. Colonne, and the idealized scenery in the midst of which the action takes place, go to make up a theatrical triumph of which all concerned may be proud."

Publication of Plots of Plays

"It seems to me that until a play is produced it is the author and producer, and they alone, who have a right to say whether its incidents shall be made public or not. It is their property, just like a patent that has been applied for, or a book in process of printing. Whether publicity does harm or no is not a matter for anyone else's discretion, but of the author's and producer's wishes."—*Mr. George Alexander.*

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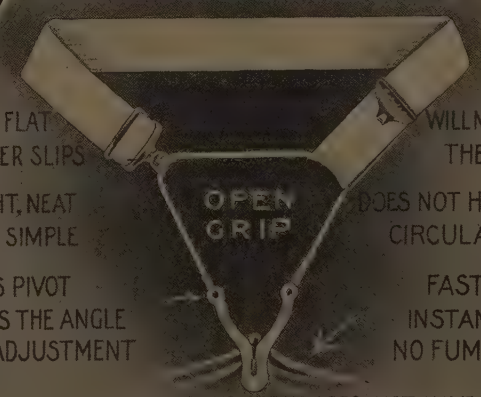

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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 117.)

ened, his reasoning flouted, his mathematics fractured, his emphasis reduced, his diplomacy rejected, his desired paper glanced over with a mere uplift of the eyebrow, his chunks of specimens regarded superciliously, and his amiability and concentration and power disposed of by the financier's inability to see it.

Something like this happened to Miss Amelia Bingham with her new comedy, "The Lilac Room," by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Dix. She thought the play was good property and she worked hard to improve and develop her concession. It is plain that the only possible point of interest was in the comedy that could be got out of the experiences of the American girl of the piece in the room believed to be haunted. It could be farcical comedy or nothing. The story is of an American girl who visits an English family, subdues the choleric and domineering father, rescues a girl from the toils of a scheming young man, exposes the character and occupation of this renegade by securing his capture when he comes to the haunted room to remove some counterfeit plates concealed there, and marries the son of the house. These are helplessly old and now ineffective elements. The choleric old man, simpering lovers, the pal of a degenerate son coming through the window with a dark lantern, melodrama and comedy and farce all commingled. When the forms of drama are thus thrown together the hand of the amateur is in it. We do not attempt to apportion the blame. Miss Bingham hardly perverted every line and complication and character and intent in the manuscript. She certainly gave some bits of acting, natural and effective, that seemed an advance on anything she had ever done before in any single play, although the play was a dire failure. The authors threatened an injunction; the piece was withdrawn. This is the third or fourth happening of the kind this season. It is the clash between the point of view of author and that of stage manager or actor. Either may easily be wrong. The proper way is to have every material point understood before the play is even accepted. In his amateurish days Zangwill refused to allow a single line in his manuscript to be changed, with the result that the play was not accepted and that he lost his chance. An author who is an author, and an actor who is an actor should be able to discuss matters to a conclusion beforehand. If either lacks in capacity or intelligence to carry his end of the argument, he will be the loser; the one in that the cannot buy, the other in that he cannot sell. Still, troublesome equations remain.

HERALD SQUARE. "The Orchid." Musical entertainment in two acts. Book by James T. Tanner and Joseph W. Herbert. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced April 8th with this cast:

Caroline Vokins, Trixie Friganza; Lady Violet, Amelia Stone; Zelie Homberg, Laura Guerite; Thisbe, Maude Fulton; Countess Anstruther, Jean Newcombe; Josephine Zaccary, Irene Franklin; Dr. Ronald Fausset, Melville Ellis; Hon. Guy Scrymageour, Alfred Hickman; Aubrey Chesterton, Geo. C. Bonitace, Jr.; Toby Blockett, Jos. W. Herbert; Prof. Zaccary, William Rock; Registrar, Barrington Foote; Lady Warden, Grace Studiford; Master of Ceremonies, Arthur Warren; M. Beauclasse, Marc Ducharme; Commissaire of Police, William Moore; Cocher, Marc Ducharme; Gendarme, R. L. McAndrews; Artie Choke, Eddie Foy.

The most noticeable feature of the latest musical entertainments is their increasing similarity to the vaudeville stage. They are becoming a series of specialties, brought in with more or less, usually less, relation to the thread of plot. As summer shows, they should be popular, for the audience may come in at any time and see a performance sufficiently complete in itself.

"The Orchid," Eddie Foy's latest vehicle, is called a musical entertainment and lives up to its name, for it is musical and entertaining beyond question. There is an abundance of plot, story and specialties of song and dance. Six women are responsible for its creation, and there is enough material in it for as many operas. The music is good and the book and lyrics are above the average. There are tuneful songs, good voices, a pretty chorus, and lively funmakers. What more can one demand on a summer's evening? The story is not particularly novel.

A rich American wishes to raise the prize orchid for a competitive exhibition. He establishes a Horticultural College and even sends Prof. Zaccary to Paru in its quest. Zaccary goes to Paree instead of Paru, and the flowers he seeks are of the human variety rather than the horticultural. Meanwhile Artie Choke, the head gardener, grows a prize specimen, and the pro-

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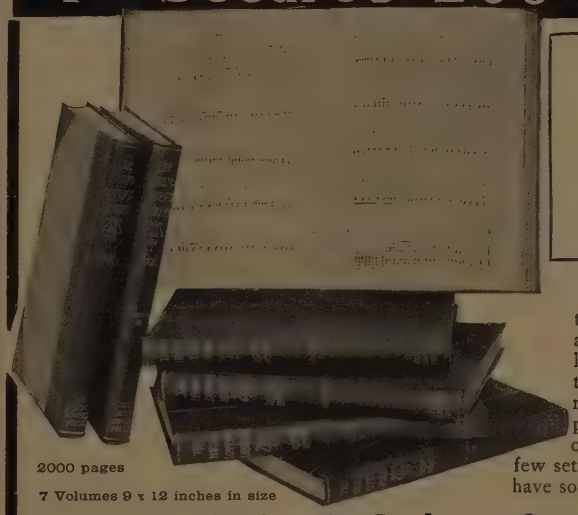

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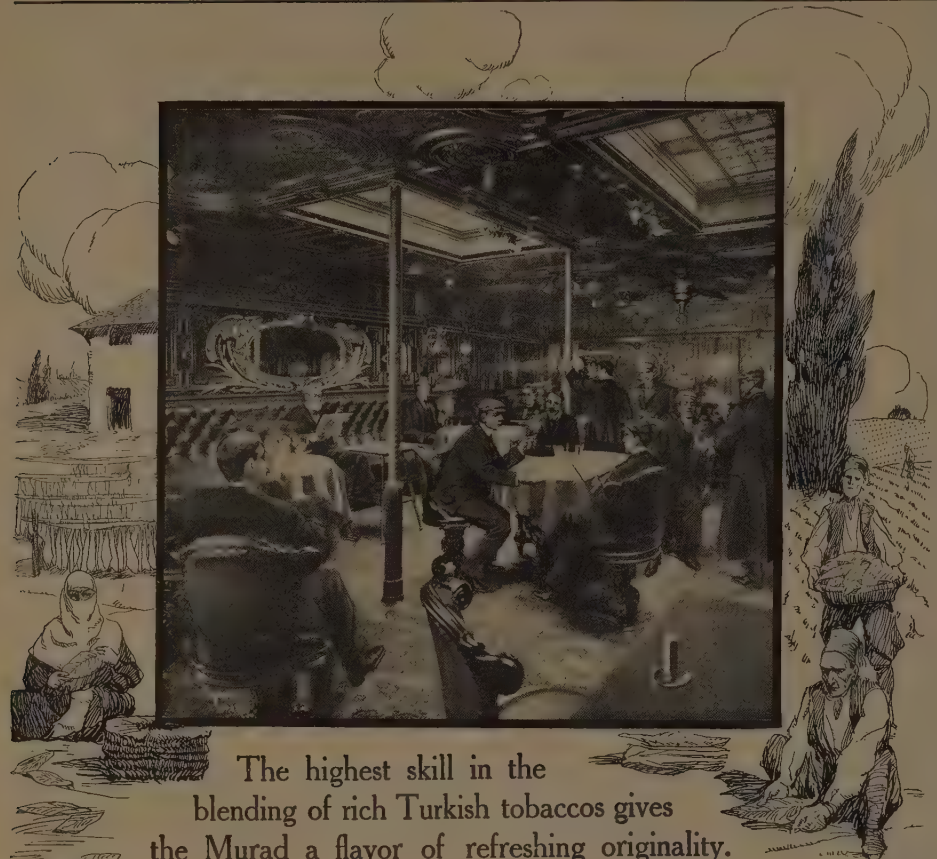

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fessor, on his return, manages to get it from him. The subsequent loss and recovery of the Orchid form the subject of the third scene.

Eddie Foy, as Artie Choke, was well received by those to whom his droll personality is always a joy, but he was forced to divide honors with a newcomer, William Rock, whose dancing and impersonation of the professor received instant appreciation. The ballet of girls that accompanied him was in point of skill and excellence the best dancers that have been seen on Broadway this season, and were enough in themselves to secure favor for the play.

The most popular songs of the evening were sung by Trixie Friganza as Caroline Vokins, a Marie Dressler rôle. Miss Friganza revealed a power of rough fun unsuspected in her former parts. She was capital in *No Wedding Bells for Me*, and *A Perfect Lady*, both story songs. Maude Fulton, Amelia Stone, Alfred Hickman and Jos. W. Herbert were all excellent supports.

The second scene of the last act represented the interior of the Opera House at Nice, and its stage furnished the platform for a series of specialties. Melville Ellis gave a piano performance, Amelia Stone sang with a chorus of chimney-sweeps, William Rock gave a second double-jointed breakdown with that excellent and overworked chorus of dances, and Eddie Foy appeared in burlesque. Altogether the production was a distinct success, and promises to last well into the summer months.

ASTOR. "THE AMBITIOUS MRS. ALCOTT." A comedy in four acts, by Leo Ditrichstein and Percival Pollard. Produced April 1st, with this cast:

Senator Amos Pierce, Neil Moran; Lawrence Winthrop, Leo Ditrichstein; Richard Winthrop, Charles Cherry; Count Arpad Stephen Hegedy, William Hawtrey; The Butler, at Mrs. Alcott's, Fred R. Gurke; The Colored Butler, at the Pierce's, John Arthur; Mrs. Pierce, Kenyon Bishop; Alice Pierce, Julia Taylor; Mrs. Louise Alcott, Dorothy Dorr; Anna Petrovna, Ruth Chester

Sometimes a play, well-constructed and well-written, fails to carry conviction. "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" is such a play. It has an interesting, though conventional, story, several capital situations and brisk dialogue. But notwithstanding these points in its favor, the audience laughed at the wrong moments. One very obvious reason for the failure was the indistinct enunciation of the players, and when a play is as talky as this one the lines must at least be audible.

The struggle is between Mrs. Alcott, the ambitious one, and an American diplomat, one Lawrence Winthrop, for the upper hand over young Richard Winthrop. Mrs. Alcott, a lady of several pasts, is in love with Richard, and is about to marry him when Lawrence, his brother, being himself one of the pasts and knowing the others, interferes. For diplomatic reasons, Lawrence is unable to prove his assertions against the lady to his brother, and for the time at least her reputation is saved by the gallant intervention of a foreign Count, also a diplomat, and also in love with Mrs. Alcott. The death of the Count, after destroying the incriminating papers, and the narrowness of her escape from exposure result in an illness for Mrs. Alcott. Stage illnesses are wonderful moral and spiritual regenerators. She rises from her sick-bed chastened in spirit and thought, gives up the hero to the ingenue, and resolves to retire from the center of the stage.

Dorothy Dorr, as Mrs. Alcott, was not at her best. She lacked the reserve and poise that would have materially strengthened her part. William Hawtrey, as the Count, gave the most effective performance of the evening, and Julia Taylor was delightful as the ingenue.

NEW YORK. "THE LAND OF NOD." Extravaganza in two acts. Book by Frank Adams and Will Hough. Music by Joseph E. Howard. And "The Song Birds." Operatic outburst. Words by George V. Hobart. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced April 1st, with this cast:

Bonnie, Mabel Barrison; Bonnie's Mother, Emily Hoff; The Jack of Hearts, Helen Bertram; The Weather Man, William Sellery; The Chorus Girl, Carrie LeMar; The Joker, Gus C. Weinburg; The April Fool, Knox Wilson; The Welsh Rarebit, Neil McNeil; The Telephone, Henry Gibson; The Hair Tonic, Walter Blair; The Man in the Moon, Joseph E. Howard; The Sandman, William Burress.

If anyone sleeps in "The Land of Nod," it is not because the company fails to work strenuously to keep them awake. The piece is a hodgepodge of vaudeville. Knox Wilson as April Fool got in musical specialties on several different instruments. Four acrobatic young dancers who might have stepped in from the Hippodrome did their turn, and song and dance specialties of the principals might reappear on the continuous stage as ten-minute acts. Bonnie, a young thing of abbreviated skirts and pink legs, goes to sleep, and is transported to the Land of Nod, where she meets her old friends, Welsh Rarebit, Jack of Hearts, Sandman and the Man in the Moon. Bonnie was played by

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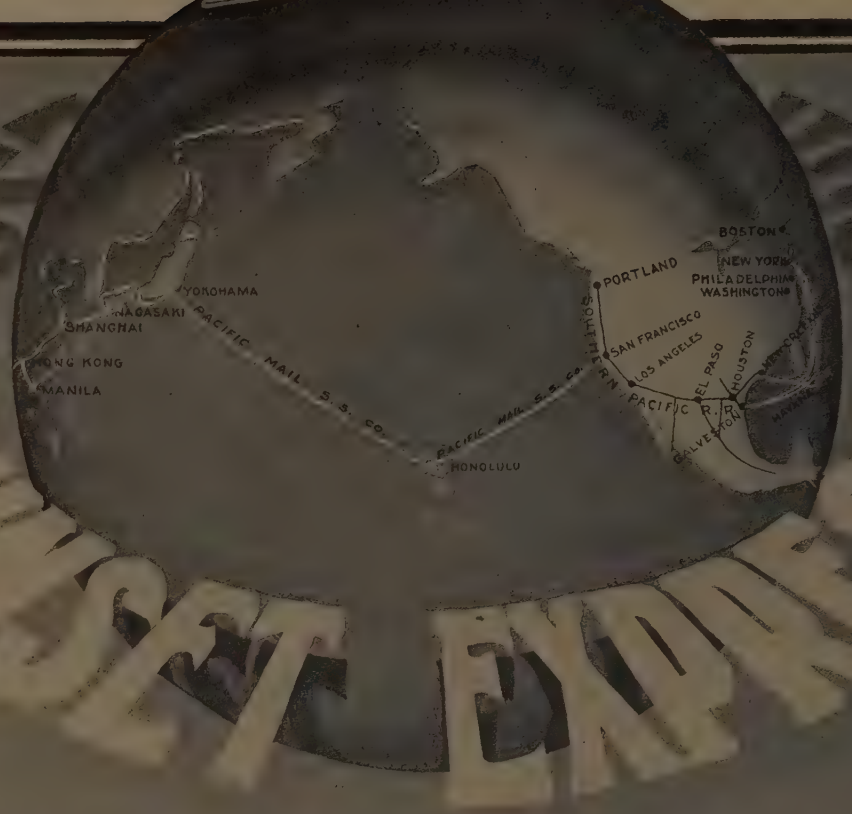

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Mabel Barrison, whose dimples and childish treble went well with the part. She had the two catchy songs of the piece, which threaten to become hand-organ material. One, *You May Kiss Me Again, Lots of Times, Maybe,* was with Joseph Howard, who wrote the music of the opera; the other song of the whistle-variety was *You Look Good to Father.* A third song called *The Same Old Moon* had a pleasing waltz-rhythm, but was a ghost of the same old song one hears constantly from tenor leads. Carrie de Mar was chic and effervescent as the Chorus Girl, and had several encores to her *Belle of Bald-Head Row.*

The second part of the program was a skit called The Song Birds, originally performed at the Lambs' Club as a gambol. It was a burlesque on the rivalry between the directors of the Manhattan and the Metropolitan Opera Houses. It might be shortened to advantage, but otherwise it was the cleverest bit of the evening. Hammershine and Con, the Conried, met in the wings of the Manhattan. A challenge resulted in the contest of their respective companies, and the mingling of Italian and German opera was handled as only Victor Herbert could handle it. Mr. Hobart's satire was clever, the caricatures capital and the fun lively.

WALDORF-ASTORIA. "THE PRETENDERS." Drama in five acts, by Henrik Ibsen. Produced April 2d by Yale Students.

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Waldorf, must have been wholly unintelligible. The supers, or stage-mob, were so noisy, so hearty, so full of the Yale spirit perhaps, that much of the dialogue was lost. Four hours, unrelieved by any humor or lightness, is a long sitting, but be it said to the young manager's credit, that the waits were unusually short and the stage setting and management excellent. The parts of the women characters were cut as much as possible to lessen the chance for levity on their account. The story of the Pretenders is that found in Haakon Haakonsson's Saga, and here The Vikings is full of the atmosphere and barbaric power of Die Götterdämmerung. Inga, the mother of Haakon, submits to the ordeal by fire to establish her son's title to the throne. Even then the other Pretenders demand an election by the council. Haakon's choice is confirmed. Bishop Nicholas, like an evil spirit, instills into Earl Skule's mind the doubt of Haakon's birth and refuses to satisfy that doubt by proof, leaving him torn and racked by doubt. The Bishop can bear to see no one advance to greater power than himself and wishes to set these two men against each other, so that even after his death they may not rise. Earl Skule gets the throne, but by his own vacillation loses it at the very moment that he learns he has a man for whom he should work. He acknowledges that it is Haakon's king-thought—the uniting of all the peoples of Norway—that has inspired him, and he is killed at the gateway of the convent where he had sought sanctuary.

The play was interpreted with intelligence and dignity. The character of Bishop Nicholas, so wonderfully drawn in the writing, was admirably handled by C. R. Hopkins, class of 1907, whose nerve and skill was far above the rest of the cast. Earl Skule, taken by T. Achelis, and Peter, by H. T. Warren, were also creditable performances. S. R. Overall made a manly Thane, and Miss C. Rand, as Margrete, was a perfect lady.

Criticism of a foreign actor, with a foreign company, playing in a foreign tongue, must necessarily be very general. To discuss in detail and seriously the recent performances of the Italian tragedian Novelli would be unfair to him if written in ignorance of his speech; or if written in full knowledge it would be pedantry at the worst, for no account of his performances could possibly reproduce the effect upon Italian audiences, while our own audiences and reading public would have no means of comparison to confirm or refute any statement that one might choose to make. In acting, the inflection of a

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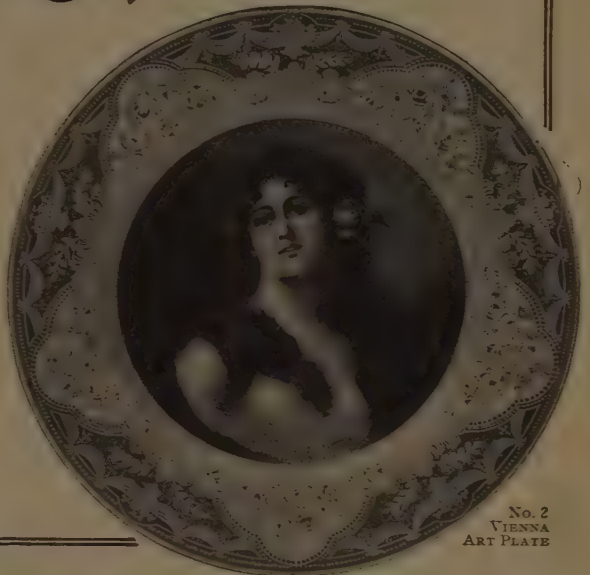

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syllable may determine the mentality and spirituality of the actor, and, in the ultimate analysis of acting, the expression in speech, the voicing of words, is material. We shall get a fair and full view of Novelli when he plays in English and not before. The performances of a well-trained foreign company representing the highest art of its country have an educational value and a curious interest, but these missionaries of art fail, in large measure, to accomplish their amiable and patriotic purpose by reason of the limitations of their undertaking. This is particularly true in the matter of Shakespearian productions. They make direct issue with the well-defined tendency and custom of the English-speaking stage to present Shakespeare with fulness in text and scenery. In the circumstances it was an unwise challenge on the part of Novelli. That an Italian would naturally understand Shylock better than Shakespeare or any English actor is a claim that cannot be taken very seriously. We cannot accept Novelli's Lear, with a devastating inundation of beard, astride a broomstick, dancing off the stage in a chopping gallop. We readily recognize in the Italian actor uncommon, very remarkable versatility and powers of simulation perhaps not surpassed in the history of the stage. His resources of business and facial expression seem unlimited. Intelligence and analysis of character are obvious. In modern plays his fidelity to type is all the more astonishing because of the range of the plays in which he appears. With a change of bill practically every evening for weeks he reduced the American and English actor of the day to insignificance. The briefest account of the plays used by him would fill pages of this magazine. The value of a permanent stock company has also been emphasized by his well-trained organization. However, just as there is an appearance of superficiality in methods of production in some of the plays, in the very nature of circumstances we must be content with superficiality in comment. We could be very definite, and safely so, on many points, but it would be useless at present to multiply words, in view of his future appearances in English. We welcome his coming as an event, but we recognize his future career on our stage as a greater event. We have much to learn from him. He will find that he has much to learn from us. The American stage suffers from many evil tendencies, and yet it has an initiative of its own. Its superiority in the externals of production has long been known to those who have had occasion to observe continental slipshodness, such as may be found in the German theatres in America. The absurdest myth ever devised was that which was so industriously and profitably exploited in New York that German plays, players and productions were the final consummation of all art. In the same way it would be safe to overpraise our Italian guest, but, in all courtesy, we refrain. Let us hope to know him better and fully, in which event it is certain that we shall be instructed and entertained to his profit.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts, on March 22d, gave a most ambitious and most creditable performance. The afternoon consisted of two one act pieces, "The Scarlet Lily," "The Spark," and Ibsen's four act drama, "The Vikings at Hilgeland." The story of this last piece, like that of Wagner's Ring, is taken from the Völsung Saga and the play glows with the heroic spirit of the old tale, intense with the repressed passion and violence of the Saga.

Sigurd the Strong, like Siegfried, must win his wife by a feat of bravery. Ibsen has substituted the killing of the White Bear that guards the bed chamber of Hiördis for the circle of fire within which Brünnhilde sleeps. But Sigurd knows that his comrade Gunnar loves Hiördis and gives up to him both the woman he loves and the honor of the feat. It is Hiördis now that becomes the destruction of all about her. Wild, violent, passionate, the quiet courage of Gunner does not content her. She taunts Gunnar into a quarrel with Ornulf and again to the destruction of the young Thorolf. She brews trouble between Gunnar and Sigurd. By her cruel sneers, she wrenches the truth of the incident of the killing of the bear from the tortured Dagny and then, the very incarnation of outraged vengence, she kills Sigurd with a bow strung with her own hair.

The play was beautifully staged. The purple mountains and rock-bound coast were depicted with a bigness and somber grandeur that carried out well the bigness of theme. The management and the acting were marked by a strength and reserve that would have done credit to a stock company of considerable experience. The best work of the afternoon was done by Peretz R. Spiro, who took the part of Ornulf and handled it with a force and dignity that were almost incredible in consideration of the actor's extreme youth.

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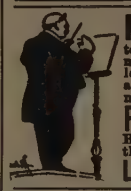

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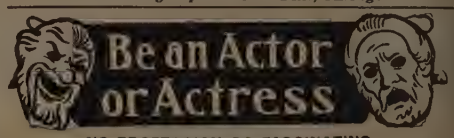

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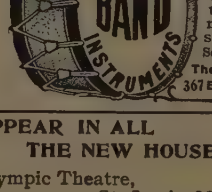

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Death of Maurice Grau

Maurice Grau, the well-known American impresario and former director of the Metropolitan Opera House, died in Paris on March 14th last, of heart disease.

Maurice Grau was the originator of grand opera as we know it to-day in America. He it

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THE LATE MAURICE GRAU

was who brought to America the great singers now famous here, and who introduced in this country the star opera system. He brought over the de Reszké brothers and made arrangements for the coming of Caruso. He was the first to make grand opera financially successful and he only retired because of failing health.

He was born in Austria in 1849 and came to this country when a mere child. Educated at the College of the City of New York, he then entered the Columbia Law School and for a time was employed in a lawyer's office. An accident threw him in the managerial business and he began at the lowest rung of the ladder, by selling librettos and taking tickets. In 1872 he organized the tour of Rubinstein and Wieniawski which afterwards led to a combination between Theodore Thomas and Maurice Grau. With the money made on this speculation Grau then undertook the management of Salvini and he organized also the Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera Company.

In 1879 he brought to America the greatest French Opera Company that has ever been heard here, among the members being Paola Marie, Capoul and Angele. He led this company all over the United States and South America and made an enormous sum of money. In 1887 he formed the Association with Abbey and Schoeffel which marked a new turn in his career. After directing the tours of a number of famous artists among which were Irving, Terry, Bernhardt, Patti, etc., the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau was selected in 1891 to manage the Metropolitan Opera House. The firm was successful at the Metropolitan, but was unfortunate in outside ventures and ultimately was compelled to make an assignment. After the death of Abbey, Mr. Grau continued director of the Metropolitan Opera House with signal success until 1903, when he was compelled to seek rest abroad. In 1899 he was made knight of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

Morris E. Mayer

Morris E. Mayer, for ten years the partner of Frederick Belasco, died in San Francisco, March 2d last from shock on hearing of the sudden death of Mrs. Belasco. Morris Mayer was one of the best known and most popular theatrical men on the Pacific coast. Associated with Frederick Belasco, he took the old Alcazar Theatre from L. R. Stockwell and brought that place of amusement up to a high standard. Mr. Mayer suffered mentally and physically from the earthquake and since that catastrophe has worked feverishly on rebuilding the Alcazar. The work undermined his health and for some time he has been a very ill man. He was born in Germany fifty-three years ago and went to San Francisco at a very early age.

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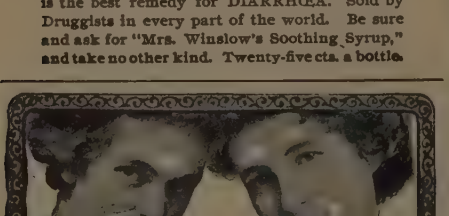

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of "Quo Vadis"? A.—We cannot say. None have appeared in this magazine.

D. H., Yonkers.—Q.—When did "A Lady of Quality" play in New York, and who were the leading men and women? A.—The play was first produced here Nov. 1, 1898. Edwin Arden, Scott Inglis, Stephen Townsend, Ethel Knight Mollison, Florence Conron, Marie Bingham and Julia Arthur were the chief members of the company.

A. M. de U.—Q.—Is "Veronique" likely to return to New York? A.—It was given in Brooklyn in October, has gone on the road, and is not likely to be heard in this vicinity for some time at least. Q.—Is the musical play "Three Little Maids" still running, if so, where? A.—To the best of our knowledge, it is not being given in this country.

A San Francisco Reader.—Creston Clarke is the son of J. S. Clarke. His American début was made October 13, 1886, in "Harvest," by Henry Hamilton, in the rôle of Roy Marston. He was for some time a member of Augustin Daly's company, and played Orsino in "Twelfth Night" in 1893. His London début was made at the Vaudeville, in May, 1890, in the closet scene from "Hamlet."

A Regular Subscriber.—Madame Nordica (Lillian Norton) was born in Farmington, Mass., in 1859.

N. R., Albany.—Q.—Did "D'Arcy of the Guards" first appear as a novel or a play? A.—It is only a play. Q.—"The Proud Prince"? A.—It has been published as both. Q.—"If I Were King"? A.—Is in both forms.

S. C. K.—Q.—What was the cast of the "Vinegar Buyer"? A.—Ezra Kendall as Joe Miller. Charles Bowser as the village drunkard, Lottie Alter as his daughter, and Marion Abbott as his wife Mirandy, were the chief personages.

P. F.—Q.—Where can I get good pictures of Maurice Barrymore, Fanny Davenport, and Clara Morris? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city. Q.—In what year did Tefferson De Angelis play "The Emerald Isle"? A.—In 1902.

D. G., Louisville, Ky.—Q.—Did Edna May ever play in "The Cadet Girl"? A.—No. Q.—Have you ever published pictures of Ada Rehan? A.—In "The Players' Gallery" for 1901; in the THEATRE August, 1903, number; in February, 1904, and July and August, 1905. Q.—Of Sir Henry Irving? A.—In "The Players' Gallery," 1901; July and November numbers of the THEATRE, 1903, in November and December numbers, 1905.

Clarice.—Q.—Please give the original cast of Belasco and DeMille's "The Wife," as played at the Lyceum Theatre. A.—John Rutherford, Nelson Wheatcroft; Matthew Culver, Henry Hermon; Maj. Homer Q. Putnam, Jas. O. Barrows; John Dexter, Chas. S. Dickson; Robert Gray, Frank Carlyle; Dollie, Gertrude Fort; the lady who does the cleaning, St. George Hussey; Penelope Podd, Adele Bray; Flora, Julia Mackey; Dora, Ada Jones; L. Malone, T. B. Butler. Q.—In what play has Madeline Bouton appeared? A.—In "My Friend from India," and "The New Woman" among others.

E. D. C., Cleveland.—Q.—When was "The Gadfly" produced, and what was the cast? A.—On September 18, 1899; Rivarer, Stuart Robson; Mons. Montanelli, Ernest Hastings; James Burton, Homer Granville; Cesare Martini, Walter Hodges; Prof. Fabutzi, Clifford Leigh; Galli, Frank F. Moore; Dr. Ricardo, O. E. Hallam; Grassini, Walton Townsend; Sacioni, Joseph Redman; Michele, Aubrey Beattie; Marconi, Hudson Liston; Battista, Florence Hanson; Zeta, Gertrude Perry; Katie, Edna Hickey; Gemma Warren, Marie Burroughs, etc. Q.—The original cast of "The Prisoner of Zenda"? A.—Rudolf, E. H. Sothern; Michael, A. R. Laurence; Col. Sapt, Rowland Buckstone; Fritz von Tarlenheim, Howard Gould; Capt. Hentzau, Morton Selten; Detchard, Daniel

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Jarrett; Bertram Bertrand, Sam Sothern; Princess Flavia, Grace Kimball, Antoinette de Mauban, Marie D. Shotwell; Frau Teppich, Kate Pattison Selten, etc. Q.—The cast of "Rupert of Hentzau"? A.—King Rudolf, Jas. K. Hackett; Col. Sapt, Theo. Roberts; Rupert of Hentzau, Arthur Hoofs; Fritz von Tarlenheim, Brigham Royce; Lieut. von Batthenstein, Robt. Eliott; Count of Luzan-Rischenheim, Geo. Alison; Bauer, E. W. Thomas; Queen Flavia, Jobyna Howland; Helga von Tarlenheim, Gertrude Rivers; Mother Holf, Virginia Buchanan; Rose Holf, Mabel Amber, etc.

Detroit Reader.—Q.—Please give a short sketch of the life of Joe Jefferson? A.—So much has been written of Mr. Jefferson, a biography and numerous biographical sketches, that the following brief outline must suffice. He was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1829, made his first stage appearance in Washington, being carried on at the age of four by Thomas D. Rice. Five years later his family removed to Chicago, where they led the usual

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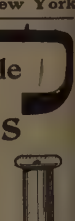

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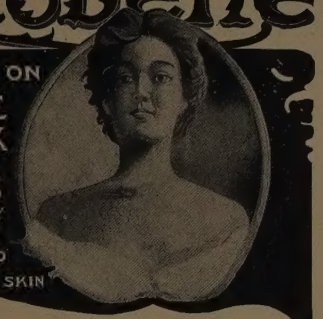

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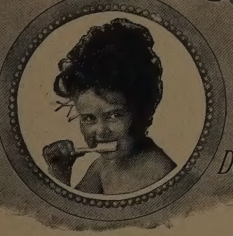

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life of strolling players of the times, appearing even in barns. Jefferson's first appearance as Rip Van Winkle was made in the Adelphi Theatre, London, in 1860. He is said to have played this rôle more than 5,000 times. In 1850 he married Miss Margaret Clements Lockyer, and eleven years later she died. His second wife was Sarah Isabel Warren. Mr. Jefferson died in 1905, leaving a large family of children. Q.—A sketch of Isadore Rush? A.—She was born at Wilkes-Barre, and made her début with the late Roland Reed at twenty years of age, at the Boston Museum. She remained with Mr. Reed until 1900, when he retired because of ill health. She appeared with the Rogers Brothers in "In Central Park." Miss Rush was drowned while in swimming near the Cliff House, San Francisco, about two years ago.

L. A. D., San Francisco.—Q.—Who played the parts of Francesca and Paolo in Louis James' production of "Francesca da Rimini"? A.—We think you must refer to the Lawrence Barrett productions of this play. In 1883 he played Lanciotto to Marie Wainwright's Francesca, Otis Skinner appearing as Paolo, and Louis James plying the rôle of Beppo Pepe. But the following year Mr. James became leading man for Barrett, and played the rôle of Paolo, Marie Wainwright continuing to play Francesca.

Pag.—Q.—Did THE THEATRE publish a portrait of Agnes Robertson, first wife of Dion Boucicault within the last two years? A.—In the March, 1905, number. She was, however, the second, not the first wife of Boucicault. Q.—Where can a portrait of Sarah Stevens, an English actress of the last century, be seen? A.—We cannot say.

"H. F. O.," No. 319 Washington street, Frankfort, Ky., will exchange theatre programmes.

A. W. N.—You had best write directly to Thomas Dixon, Jr.

H. A. S. would like to know with what company Frederick Kirby is playing. Several years ago he was with Adelaide Thurston.

A. B., Buffalo.—We believe that Melville Ellis has appeared in musical comedies only. He was in "The Toreador," "My Lady's Maid," etc. Mr. Ellis is a very good pianist, and has written some songs.

A. A. T.—Q.—I have noticed several announcements of the publications of acting editions of Shakespeare's plays as played by Sothern and Julia Marlowe. Can you inform me whether such plays have been published, or are going to be? A.—A number of them have been published.

P. H. W.—Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of the life of Sir Henry Irving and the "Life and Art of Edwin Booth"? A.—Write to Messrs. Brentano & Co., this city. Q.—Where can I get a photograph of Sir Henry Irving? A.—Write to Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

F. C.—Q.—Have you published pictures of the following, and if so, in what numbers, and at what prices? Cyril Scott? A.—Not alone. Q.—Florence Conron? A.—No. Q.—Scenes from "The Prince Chap"? A.—October, 1905, price 35 cents.

M. I. F., Roxbury, Mass.—Q.—Have you ever published any pictures of Miss Julia Stuart, and where is she playing this season? A.—We have not; we cannot say.

D. B. W.—In answer to three of your numerous questions, we would state: Miss Beverley Sitgreaves appeared last spring in "Mozart." "The Stolen Story" closed some months ago. A portrait of Miss Sitgreaves appeared in the May, 1903, number; of Dorothy Tennant in July, 1904.

L. F.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of Guy Bates Post? A.—In the March, 1904, and October, 1905, numbers. Q.—Scenes from "The Heir to the Hoorah"? In June, 1905.

E. M., Cincinnati.—Q.—In the play "Trilby" does Trilby die in the last act, or just go to sleep when she finds Svengali's picture. A.—She dies. Q.—Was the Edward Morgan who died last spring Viola Allen's leading man in "The Christian"? A.—Yes.

D. S.—Q.—To whom should I apply for lessons in stage dancing? A.—Consult our advertising columns.

Paris Theatrical Notes

At the Vaudeville was produced recently a Japanese piece by Mme. Judith Gauthier entitled "Princesse D'Amour." It has a charming story and was exceedingly well played, and Mr. Porel put it on with a luxury of scenery which made it a veritable feast for the eye.

At the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre "The Virgin of Avila," the success of which was very great, has been succeeded by a piece in verse called "Les Buffons," by Mr. Miguel Zamacoïs. This is a delightful piece, which Mme. Sarah enhances with her incomparable talent. She is a marvel of youth, wit and tenderness in the rôle of a hunchback who, at the end of the play, is transformed into an elegant prince.

At the Antoine Theatre we have seen Tolstoi's famous "Anna Karanina," dramatized by a young dramatic author named Edmond Guiraud. The public gave the piece a warm welcome. It is remarkably well staged, and has a first-class cast at the head of which must be mentioned M. Gémier and Mme. Mégard, who plays the title rôle.

At the Porte St. Martin we have seen the revival of "Notre Dame," Victor Hugo's famous drama. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful, while the cast includes some of the most popular artists of the day, Jean Coquelin, De Max and Mesdames Baby and Tessandier.

Jacques Isnardon, who was one of the most remarkable singers of the Paris Opéra Comique, has now become one of the most successful professors of the French Conservatoire. Most of the young artists of the Opera and Opéra Comique studied with this celebrated singing professor, who recently gave a concert of his pupils at the Salle Erard. Not only French singers, but Russians, Italians, Hungarians and Americans come to finish their studies under this modern master. After the concert two pupils were engaged by Paris directors—the tenor, Mr. Anclin, and a Polish singer gifted with a golden voice, Countess Kriaskinska. E. M. B.

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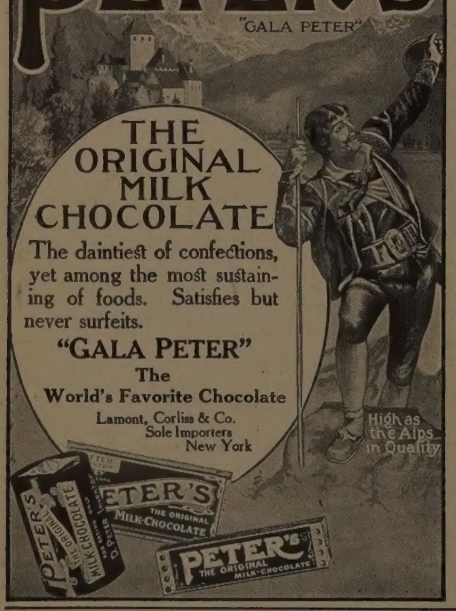

New Dramatic Books

SCORN OF WOMEN. In three acts. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co., London, New York.

In this book Jack London's natural qualities appear in abundance, but he has sought to express himself in the dramatic form prematurely. It is an almost universal obsession that the writing of a play is an easy matter and the man who believes that he has genius does not hesitate to sit down and dash a play off if he is so minded. Intrepidity of this kind comes from an ignorance of the art. The characters and incidents are impressive in their fidelity to life and some of the scenes would be thoroughly effective in the acting, but in its entirety the play when performed would leave the impression of a jumble. The faults are mainly technical, so that a full discussion of Mr. London's play is impracticable here. It would require too much space to reveal to him the state of his ignorance of dramatic law. It is easy enough to briefly sum up a play of progressive action, consistent in all its parts, and possessing unity. When a play is lacking in all these elements it is impossible to convey briefly an idea of it. In so far as a general idea may be conveyed the story is about as follows:

A mine owner, worth millions, is infatuated with a brilliant and fascinating woman of the camp. The scene is laid in Alaska. Three or four characters, women who are in love with him or have designs on him, or who are acting unselfishly, undertake to prevent his elopement with this woman. The mine owner, who is about to go off with this unworthy character, had pledged himself to marry a young girl from the States who is hourly expected. Her arrival is hastened by one of the disinterested women, who sends relays of dogs for the sledges which are to carry her. This girl, "18 or 19 years of age, of the soft and clinging kind, with pretty, pouting lips, blow-away hair, and eyes full of the merry shallows of life," appears only in the last scene of the play. The mine owner is saved from what would have been a fatal escapade, and the right girl is made happy and does not learn of the humiliation that came so near being inflicted upon her. The idea of the play is a good one, but there are too many characters of cross purposes in a way that is utterly confusing in the reading and that would be confusion worse confounded in the acting. The characters need to be corelated by means of more unity in the plot. Some of the scenes are capital, and others absurd. Mr. Jack London has the qualities of a dramatist, but his confidence in himself as a playwright ready to compete with skilled craftsman is misplaced.

Archie Bell, the brilliant dramatic critic and book reviewer of the Cleveland *News*, has written a novel called "The Clevelanders" that is likely to create a literary sensation. The story, which deals with one of the most vital and interesting questions of our national life—miscegenation—tells of a southern colored girl who broke into the exclusive circles of Cleveland and was the reigning society belle for six years, and on the eve of her marriage to a man of social standing, made the fatal blunder of accompanying his parents to Florida, where she was recognized by a man of her own race, who demanded her for his bride as the price of his silence. How the affair was "hushed up," what was done to spare the family and to save society from embarrassment, is told in Mr. Bell's vivid and dramatic style.

Books Received

"English Costume." Painted and described by Dion Clayton Calthrop. 460 pages. Numerous plates in colors and half tones. London: Charles Black.

"Felicity, the Making of a Comedienne," by Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Clevelanders," a novel by Archie Bell. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

"The End of the Game," a novel by Arthur Hornblow. 464 pages. Illustrated. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

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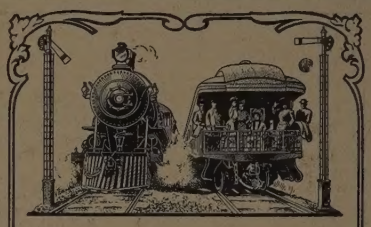

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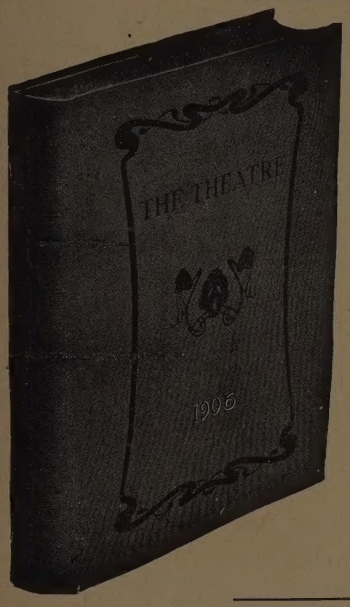

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